

THE LIVING AGE.

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TO READERS OF THE LIVING AGE.

In making remittance, please send UNITED STATES NOTES. Having the opportunity of establishing a sound and uniform Currency, let no man delay to make use of it; and to do what he can to make it the *only* paper money.

Bank Notes are very good—at least we have not had a bad one for a long time—but *while our Government stands*, its notes are *better* than any other: and "when that flag goes down" (to adopt the words of our gallant neighbor, Captain Selfridge of the Navy), "we are more than willing to go down with it."

TO NEWSPAPER EDITORS.

A friend in the country writes to us that he sees almost every week, in his country paper, some article copied from *The Living Age*, without acknowledgment. And he advises us to say as follows: (and so we proceed to say)

"We have been accustomed to *exchange* with many newspapers which we do not read, out of courtesy, or from remembrance of their early introduction of *The Living Age* to their readers. While some of these papers are very sensitive and tenacious in regard to credit due themselves, they habitually copy from us without acknowledgment, preferring to give credit only to the foreign journals, which we always quote. They thus set up a claim on their own subscribers, as if they (the newspapers) were at the trouble and expense of importing all the Quarterlies, Monthlies, and Weeklies. We are therefore forced to give notice that where we are overlooked in this way, we must stop the exchange.

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THE SOLDIER'S GRIEF.

"How is grown my little lady?"—

'Tis a soldier from the wars,
Bearing honors on his bosom,
And the marks of battle-scars—

"Daughter of my worthy master,
Whom I left four years ago,
When I went to join my army
In the smiting of the foe?

"Makes she still the daylight brighter,
As she bounds along the lawn,
With the laughter of the joy-bells,
And the motion of the dawn?

"Come the children from the village
Still with homage to their queen,
Learning goodness from her actions,
Learning graces from her mien?

"Do the old men stand to bless her,
And the young men stand to pray
For a wife but half as lovely,
Ere their youth be passed away?

"How I long to tell her stories
Of the marching and the strife;
And to see her melt with pity
For the soldier's harrassed life!—

"Long to give her bauble treasures
That I gathered in the East,
And the fruits of southern vineyards
That are crowning of a feast!

"But perhaps she's now a woman,
With a stately gait of pride,
And a haughty husband wears her
Jeweled at his rigid side:

"Not remembering the roses
That I wreathed for her fair hair,
When we roamed along the valleys,
Gladder than the gladdest there:

Not remembering the tear-drops
That were standing in her eyes,
When she decked my gun with ribbons,
Whispering the fast good-byes.

"O my gossip, tell me quickly,
Shall I find her still the same,
Setting roughest things to music,
When she speaks my humble name?"

"Soldier, simple-hearted soldier,
Home returned from the wars,
I must give the wounding deeper
Than thy many battle-scars.

"Yonder, where the sun is making
Folding shadows round the trees;
Yonder, where the grass is growing
Damp and tangled under these;

"Yonder, where the frightened woodquest
In among the branches shoots;

Where the happy lambs are bounding
O'er the aged, knotty roots;

"Where the thistle sheds the silver
Of its tresses on the air,
And the bramble gives a shelter
To the weary-footed hare;—

"There the lovely little maiden,
As you knew her, is at rest;
For the cruel Death, last summer,
Laid his hand upon her breast."

—Household Words.

THE WIDOWED SWORD.

THEY have sent me the sword that my brave boy
wore

On the field of his young renown—
On the last red field, where his fate was sealed,
And the sun of his days went down.

Away with tears
That are blinding me so;

There is joy in his years,

Though his young head be low;

And I'll gaze with a solemn delight evermore,
On the sword that my brave boy wore.

'Twas for freedom and home that I gave him
away,

Like the sons of his race of old;
And though, aged and gray, I am childless this
day—

He is dearer, a thousand-fold.

There's a glory above him

To hallow his name—

A land that will love him

Who died for its fame;

And a solace will shine, when my old heart is sore,
Round the sword that my brave boy wore.

All so noble, so true—how they stood, how they fell
In the battle, the plague, and the cold;
Oh, as bravely and well as e'er story could tell
Of the flowers of the heroes of old.

Like a sword through the foe

Was that fearful attack,

That, so bright ere the blow,

Comes so bloodily back;

And, foremost among them his colors he bore—

And here is the sword that my brave boy wore.

It was kind of his comrades, ye know not how
kind;

It is more than the Indies to me;

Ye know not how kind and how steadfast of mind
The soldier to sorrow can be.

They knew well how lonely—

How grievously wrong,

Is the heart that its only

Love loses so young;

And they closed his dark eye when the battle was
o'er,

And sent his old father the sword that he wore.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

HEINRICH HEINE.

"I KNOW not if I deserve that a laurel-wreath should one day be laid on my coffin. Poetry, dearly as I have loved it, has always been to me but a divine plaything. I have never attached any great value to poetical fame; and I trouble myself very little whether people praise my verses or blame them. But lay on my coffin a sword: for I was a brave soldier in the war of liberation of humanity."

Heine had his full share of love of fame, and eared quite as much as his brethren of the *genus irritabile* whether people praised his verses or blamed them. And he was very little of a hero. Posterity will certainly decorate his tomb with the emblem of the laurel rather than with the emblem of the sword. Still, for his contemporaries, for us, for the Europe of the present century, he is significant chiefly for the reason which he himself in the words just quoted assigns. He is significant because he was, if not pre-eminently a brave, yet a brilliant, a most effective soldier in the war of liberation of humanity.

To ascertain the master current in the literature of an epoch, and to distinguish this from all minor currents, is the critic's highest function; in discharging it he shows how far he possesses the most indispensable quality of his office—justness of spirit. The living writer who has done most to make England acquainted with German authors, a man of genius, but to whom precisely this one quality of justness of spirit is perhaps wanting,—I mean Mr. Carlyle,—seems to me in the result of his labors on German literature to afford a proof how very necessary to the critic this quality is. Mr. Carlyle has spoken admirably of Goethe; but then Goethe stands before all men's eyes, the manifest centre of German literature: and from this central source many rivers flow. Which of these rivers is the main stream? which of the courses of spirit which we see active in Goethe is the course which will most influence the future, and attract and be continued by the most powerful of Goethe's successors?—that is the question. Mr. Carlyle attaches, it seems to me, far too much importance to the romantic school of Germany—Tieck, Novalis, Jean Paul Richter,—and gives to these writers, really gifted as two, at any rate, of them are, an undue prom-

inence. These writers, and others with aims and a general tendency the same as theirs, are not the real inheritors and continuators of Goethe's power; the current of their activity is not the main current of German literature after Goethe. Far more in Heine's works flows this main current; Heine, far more than Tieck or Jean Paul Richter, is the continuator of that which, in Goethe's varied activity, is the most powerful and vital; on Heine, of all German authors who survived Goethe, incomparably the largest portion of Goethe's mantle fell. I do not forget that when Mr. Carlyle was dealing with German literature, Heine, though he was clearly risen above the horizon, had not shone forth with all his strength; I do not forget, too, that after ten or twenty years many things may come out plain before the critic which before were hard to be discerned by him; and assuredly no one would dream of imputing it as a fault to Mr. Carlyle that twenty years ago he mistook the central current in German literature, overlooked the rising Heine, and attached undue importance to that romantic school which Heine was to destroy; one may rather note it as a misfortune, sent perhaps as a delicate chastisement to a critic, who—man of genius as he is, and no one recognizes his genius more admiringly than I do—has, for the functions of the critic, a little too much of the self-will and eccentricity of a genuine son of Great Britain.

Heine is noteworthy, because he is the most important German successor and continuator of Goethe in Goethe's most important line of activity. And which of Goethe's lines of activity is this? His line of activity as "a soldier in the war of liberation of humanity."

Heine himself would hardly have admitted this affiliation, though he was far too powerful-minded a man to deery, with some of the vulgar German liberals, Goethe's genius. "The wind of the Paris Revolution," he writes after the three days of 1830, "blew about the candles a little in the dark night of Germany, so that the red curtains of a German throne or two caught fire; but the old watchmen, who do the police of the German kingdoms, are already bringing out the fire-engines, and will keep the candles closer snuffed for the future. Poor, fast-bound German people, lose not all heart in thy

bonds! The fashionable coating of ice melts off from my heart, my soul quivers and my eyes burn, and that is a disadvantageous state of things for a writer, who should control his subject-matter and keep himself beautifully objective, as the artistic school would have us, and as Goethe has done; he has come to be eighty years old doing this, and minister, and in good condition — poor German people! that is thy greatest man!"

But hear Goethe himself: "If I were to say what I had really been to the Germans in general, and to the young German poets in particular, I should say I had been their *Liberator*."

Modern times find themselves with an immense system of institutions, established facts, accredited dogmas, customs, rules, which have come to them from times not modern. In this system their life has to be carried forward, yet they have a sense that this system is not of their own creation, that it by no means corresponds exactly with the wants of their actual life, that, for them, it is customary, not rational.

The awakening of this sense is the awakening of the modern spirit. The modern spirit is now awake almost everywhere; the sense of want of correspondence between the forms of modern Europe and its spirit, between the new wine of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, and the old bottles of the eleventh and twelfth centuries, or even of the sixteenth and seventeenth, almost every one now perceives; it is no longer dangerous to affirm that this want of correspondence exists; people are even beginning to be shy of denying it. To remove this want of correspondence is beginning to be the settled endeavor of most persons of good sense. Dissolvents of the European system of dominant ideas and facts we must all be, all of us who have any power of working; what we have to study is that we may not be acrid dissolvents of it.

And how did Goethe, that grand dissolvent in an age when there were fewer of them than at present, proceed in his task of dissolution, of liberation of the modern European from the old routine? He shall tell us himself. "Through me the German poets have become aware that, as man must live from within outwards, so the artist must work from within outwards, seeing that, make what contortions he will, he can only bring

to light his own individuality. I can clearly mark where this influence of mine has made itself felt; there arises out of it a kind of poetry of nature, and only in this way is it possible to be original."

My voice shall never be joined to those which decry Goethe, and if it is said that the foregoing is a lame and impotent conclusion to Goethe's declaration that he had been the liberator of the Germans in general, and of the young German poets in particular, I say it is not. Goethe's profound, imperturbable naturalism is absolutely fatal to all routine thinking; he puts the standard, once for all, inside every man instead of outside him; when he is told, such a thing must be so, there is immense authority and custom in favor of its being so, it has been held to be so for a thousand years, he answers with Olympian politeness, "But is it so? is it so to *me*?" Nothing could be more really subversive of the foundations on which the old European order rested; and it may be remarked that no persons are so radically detached from this order, no persons so thoroughly modern, as those who have felt Goethe's influence most deeply. If it is said that Goethe professes to have in this way deeply influenced but a few persons, and those persons poets, one may answer that he could have taken no better way to secure, in the end, the ear of the world; for poetry is simply the most beautiful, impressive, and widely effective mode of saying things, and hence its importance. Nevertheless the process of liberation, as Goethe worked it, though sure, is undoubtedly slow; he came, as Heine says, to be eighty years old in thus working it, and at the end of that time the old Middle-Age machine was still creaking on, the thirty German courts and their chamberlains subsisted in all their glory; Goethe himself was a minister, and the visible triumph of the modern spirit over prescription and routine seemed as far off as ever. It was the year 1830; the German sovereigns had passed the preceding fifteen years in breaking the promises of freedom they had made to their subjects when they wanted their help in the final struggle with Napoleon. Great events were happening in France; the revolution, defeated in 1815, had arisen from its defeat, and was wrestling from its adversaries the power. Heinrich Heine, a young man of genius, born at Hamburg, with all the culture of Germany,

but by race a Jew; with warm sympathies for France, whose revolution had given to his race the rights of citizenship, and whose rule had been, as is well known, popular in the Rhine provinces, where he passed his youth; with a passionate admiration for the great French emperor, with a passionate contempt for the sovereigns who had overthrown him, for their agents, and for their policy—Heinrich Heine was in 1830 in no humor for any such gradual process of liberation from the old order of things as that which Goethe had followed. His counsel was for open war. With that terrible modern weapon, the pen, in his hand, he passed the remainder of his life in one fierce battle. What was that battle? the reader will ask. It was a life and death battle with Philistinism.

Philistinism—we have not the expression in English. Perhaps we have not the word because we have so much of the thing. At Soli, I imagine, they did not talk of solecisms; and here, at the very head-quarters of Goliath, nobody talks of Philistinism. The French have adopted the term *épiciér*, grocer, to designate the sort of being whom the Germans designate by the term Philistine; but the French term—besides that it casts a slur upon a respectable class, composed of living and susceptible members, while the original Philistines are dead and buried long ago—is really, I think, in itself much less apt and expressive than the German term. Efforts have been made to obtain in English some term equivalent to *Philister* or *épiciér*; Mr. Carlyle has made several such efforts: “respectability with its thousand gigs,” he says; well, the occupant of every one of those gigs is, Mr. Carlyle means, a Philistine. However, the word *respectable* is far too valuable a word to be thus perverted from its proper meaning; if the English are ever to have a word for the thing we are speaking of—and so prodigious are the changes which the modern spirit is introducing, that even we English shall perhaps come to want such a word—I think we had much better take the term *Philistine* itself.

Philistine must have originally meant, in the mind of those who invented the nickname, a strong, dogged, unenlightened opponent of the chosen people, of the children of the light. The party of change, the would-be remodelers of the old traditional European order, the invokers of reason against custom,

the representatives of the modern spirit in every sphere where it is applicable, regarded themselves, with the robust self-confidence natural to reformers, as a chosen people, as children of the light. They regarded their adversaries as humdrum people, slaves to routine, enemies to the light; stupid and oppressive, but at the same time very strong. This explains the love which Heine, that Paladin of the modern spirit, has for France; it explains the preference which he gives to France over Germany: “the French,” he says, “are the chosen people of the new religion, its first gospels and dogmas have been drawn up in their language; Paris is the new Jerusalem, and the Rhine is the Jordan which divides the consecrated land of freedom from the land of the Philistines.” He means that the French, as a people, have shown more accessibility to ideas than any other people; that prescription and routine have had less hold upon them than upon any other people: that they have shown more readiness to move and to alter at the bidding (real or supposed) of reason. This explains, too, the detestation which Heine had for the English: “I might settle in England,” he says in his exile, “if it were not that I should find there two things, coal-smoke and Englishmen; I cannot abide either.”

What he hated in the English was the “*ächt-britische Beschränktheit*,” as he calls it—the *genuine British narrowness*. In truth, the English, profoundly as they have modified the old Middle-Age order, great as is the liberty which they have secured for themselves, have in all their changes proceeded, to use a familiar expression, by the rule of thumb; what was intolerably inconvenient to them they have suppressed, and as they have suppressed it not because it was irrational, but because it was practically inconvenient, they have seldom in suppressing it appealed to reason, but always, if possible, to some precedent, or form, or letter, which served as a convenient instrument for their purpose, and which saved them from the necessity of recurring to general principles. They have thus become, in a certain sense, of all people the most inaccessible to ideas, and the most impatient of them; inaccessible to them because of their want of familiarity with them; and impatient of them because they have got on so well without them, that they despise those who, not having got on so well as themselves,

still make a fuss for what they themselves have done so well without. But there has certainly followed from hence, in this country, somewhat of a general depression of pure intelligence: Philistia has come to be thought by us the true Land of Promise, and it is anything but that; the born lover of ideas, the born hater of commonplaces, must feel, in this country, that the sky over his head is of brass and iron. The enthusiast for the idea, for reason, values reason, the idea, in and for themselves: he values them, irrespectively of the practical conveniences which their triumph may obtain for him; and the man who regards the possession of these practical conveniences as something sufficient in itself, something which compensates for the absence or surrender of the idea, of reason, is, in his eyes, a Philistine. This is why Heine so often and so mercilessly attacks the liberals; much as he hates conservatism he hates Philistinism even more, and whoever attacks conservatism itself ignobly, not as a child of light, not in the name of the idea, is a Philistine. Our Cobbett is thus for him, much as he disliked our clergy and aristocracy whom Cobbett attacked, a Philistine with six fingers on every hand, and on every foot six toes, four-and-twenty in number: a Philistine, the staff of whose spear is like a weaver's beam. Thus he speaks of him:—

"While I translate Cobbett's words, the man himself comes bodily before my mind's eye, as I saw him at that uproarious dinner at the Crown and Anchor Tavern, with his scolding red face and his radical laugh, in which venomous hate mingles with a mocking exultation at his enemies' surely approaching downfall. He is a chained cur, who falls with equal fury on every one whom he does not know, often bites the best friend of the house in his calves, barks incessantly, and just because of this incessantness of his barking cannot get listened to, even when he barks at a real thief. Therefore, the distinguished thieves who plunder England do not think it necessary to throw the growling Cobbett a bone to stop his mouth. This makes the dog furiously savage, and he shows all his hungry teeth. Poor old Cobbett! England's dog! I have no love for thee: for every vulgar nature my soul abhors; but thou touchest me to the inmost soul with pity, as I see how thou straineest in vain to break loose and to get at those thieves, who make off with their booty before thy very eyes, and mock at thy fruitless springs and thine impotent howling."

But, in 1830, Heine very soon found that the fire-engines of the German Governments were too much for his direct efforts at incendiarianism. "What demon drove me," he cries, "to write my *Reisebilder*, to edit a newspaper, to plague myself with our time and its interests, to try and shake the poor German Hodge out of his thousand years' sleep in his hole? What good did I get by it? Hodge opened his eyes, only to shut them again immediately; he yawned, only to begin snoring again the next minute louder than ever; he stretched his stiff, ungainly limbs, only to sink down again directly afterwards, and lie like a dead man in the old bed of his accustomed habits. I must have rest; but where am I to find a resting-place! In Germany I can no longer stay."

This is Heine's jesting account of his own efforts to rouse Germany: now for his pathetic account of them; it is because he unites so much wit with so much pathos that he is so effective a writer:—

"The Emperor Charles the Fifth sate in sore straits, in the Tyrol, encompassed by his enemies. All his knights and courtiers had forsaken him; not one came to his help. I know not if he had at that time the cheese face with which Holbein has painted him for us. But I am sure that under-lip of his, with its contempt for mankind, stuck out even more than it does in his portraits. How could he but condemn the tribe which in the sunshine of his prosperity had fawned on him so devotedly, and now, in his dark distress, left him all alone? Then suddenly his door opened, and there came in a man in disguise, and, as he threw back his cloak, the kaiser recognized in him his faithful Conrad von der Rosen, the court jester. This man brought him comfort and counsel, and he was the court jester!

"O German fatherland! dear German people! I am thy Conrad von der Rosen. The man whose proper business was to amuse thee, and who in good times should have catered only for thy mirth, makes his way into thy prison in time of need; and here under my cloak, I bring thee thy sceptre and crown; dost thou not recognize me, my kaiser? If I cannot free thee, I will at least comfort thee, and thou shalt at least have one with thee who will prattle with thee about thy sorest affliction, and whisper courage to thee, and love thee, and whose best joke and best blood shall be at thy service. For thou, my people, art the true kaiser, the true lord of the land; thy will is sovereign, and more legitimate far than that purple *Tel est notre*

plaisir, which invokes a divine right with no better warrant than the anointings of shaven and shorn jugglers; thy will, my people, is the sole rightful source of power. Though now thou liest down in thy bonds, yet in the end will thy rightful cause prevail; the day of deliverance is at hand, a new time is beginning. My kaiser, the night is over, and out there glows the ruddy dawn.

"Conrad von der Rosen, my fool, thou art mistaken; perhaps thou takest a headsmen's gleaming axe for the sun, and the red of dawn is only blood."

"No, my kaiser, it is the sun, though it is rising in the west; these six thousand years it has always risen in the east; it is high time there should come a change."

"Conrad von der Rosen, my fool, thou has lost the bells out of thy red cap, and it has now such an odd look, that red cap of thine!"

"Ah, my kaiser, thy distress has made me shake my head so hard and fierce, that the fool's bells have dropped off my cap; the cap is none the worse for that."

"Conrad von der Rosen, my fool, what is that noise of breaking and cracking outside there?"

"Hush! that is the saw and the carpenter's axe, and soon the doors of thy prison will be burst open, and thou wilt be free, my kaiser!"

"Am I then really kaiser? Ah, I forgot, it is the fool who tells me so!"

"Oh, sigh not, my dear master, the air of thy prison makes thee so desponding; when once thou has got thy rights again, thou wilt feel once more the bold, imperial blood in thy veins, and thou wilt be proud like a kaiser, and violent and gracious and unjust and smiling and ungrateful, as princes are."

"Conrad von der Rosen, my fool, when I am free, what wilt thou do then?"

"I will then sew new bells on my cap."

"And how shall I recompense thy fidelity?"

"Ah, dear master, by not leaving me to die in a ditch."

I wish to mark Heine's place in modern European literature, the scope of his activity, and his value. I cannot attempt to give here a detailed account of his life, or a description of his separate works. In May, 1831, he went over his Jordan, the Rhine, and fixed himself in his new Jerusalem, Paris. There, thenceforward, he lived, going in general to some French watering-place in the summer, but making only one or two short visits to Germany during the rest of his life. His works, in verse and prose, succeeded each

other without stopping; a collected edition of them, filling seven closely-printed octavo volumes, has been published in America; in the collected editions of few people's works is there so little to skip. Those who wish for a single good specimen of him should read his first important work, the work which made his reputation, the *Reisebilder*, or "Travelling Sketches;" prose and verse, wit and seriousness, are mingled in it, and the mingling of these is characteristic of Heine, and is nowhere to be seen practised more naturally and happily than in his *Reisebilder*. In 1847 his health, which till then had always been perfectly good, gave way. He had a kind of paralytic stroke. His malady proved to be a softening of the spinal marrow; it was incurable; it made rapid progress. In May, 1848, not a year after his first attack, he went out of doors for the last time; but his disease took more than eight years to kill him. For nearly eight years he lay helpless on a couch, with the use of his limbs gone, wasted almost to the proportions of a child, wasted so that a woman could carry him about; the sight of one eye lost, and that of the other greatly dimmed, and requiring, that it might be exercised, to have the palsied eyelid lifted and held up by the finger; all this, and suffering, besides this, at short intervals, paroxysms of nervous agony. I have said he was not preeminently brave; but in the astonishing force of spirit with which he retained his activity of mind, even his gayety, amid all this suffering, and went on composing with undiminished fire to the last, he was truly brave. Nothing could clog that aerial lightness. "Pouvez-vous siffler?" his doctor asked him one day, when he was almost at his last gasp;—"siffler," as every one knows, has the double meaning of *to whistle* and *to hiss*;—"Hélas! non," was his whispered answer;—"pas même une comédie de M. Scribe!" M. Scribe is, or was, the favorite dramatist of the French Philistine. "My nerves," he said to some one who asked him about them in 1855, the year of the great Exhibition in Paris, "my nerves are of that quite singularly remarkable miserableness of nature, that I am convinced they would get at the Exhibition the grand medal for pain and misery." He read all the medical books which treated of his complaint. "But," said he to some one who found him thus engaged, "what good this reading is to do me I

don't know, except that it will qualify me to give lectures in heaven on the ignorance of doctors on earth about diseases of the spinal marrow." What a matter of grim seriousness are our own ailments to most of us! yet with this gayety Heine treated his to the end. That end, so long in coming, came at last. Heine died on the 17th of February, 1856, at the age of fifty-eight. By his will he forbade that his remains should be transported to Germany. He lies buried in the cemetery of Montmartre, at Paris.

His direct political action was null, and this is neither to be wondered at nor regretted; direct political action is not the true function of literature, and Heine was a born man of letters. Even in his favorite France the turn taken by public affairs was not at all what he wished, though he read French politics by no means as we in England, most of us, read them. He thought things were tending there to the triumph of communism; and to a champion of the idea like Heine, what there is gross and narrow in communism was very repulsive. "It is all of no use," he cried on his death-bed, "the future belongs to our enemies, the Communists, and Louis Napoleon is their John the Baptist." "And yet"—he added with all his old love for that remarkable entity, so full of attraction for him, so profoundly unknown in England, the French people—"do not believe that God lets all this go forward merely as a grand comedy. Even though the Communists deny him to-day, he knows better than they do, that a time will come when they will learn to believe in him." After 1831 his hopes of soon upsetting the German governments had died away, and his propagandism took another, a more truly literary, character. It took the character of an intrepid application of the modern spirit to literature. To the ideas with which the burning questions of modern life filled him, he made all his subject-matter minister. He touched all the great points in the career of the human race, and here he but followed the tendency of the wide culture of Germany; but he touched them with a wand which brought them all under a light where the modern eye cares most to see them, and here he gave a lesson to the culture of Germany,—so wide, so impartial, that it is apt to become slack and powerless, and to lose itself in its materials for want of a strong central idea round

which to group all its ideas. So the mystic and romantic school of Germany lost itself in the Middle Ages, was overpowered by their influence, came to ruin by its vain dreams of renewing them. Heine, with a far profounder sense of the mystic and romantic charm of the Middle Ages than Görres or Brentano, or Arnim, Heine the chief romantic poet of Germany, is yet also much more than a romantic poet; he is a great modern poet, he is not conquered by the Middle Ages, he has a talisman by which he can feel, along with, but above the power of the fascinating Middle Age itself the power of modern ideas.

A French critic of Heine thinks he has said enough in saying that Heine proclaimed in German countries, with beat of drum, the ideas of 1789, and that at the cheerful noise of his drum the ghosts of the Middle Age took to flight. But this is rather too French an account of the matter. Germany, that vast mine of ideas, had no need to import ideas, as such, from any foreign country; and if Heine had carried ideas, as such, for France into Germany, he would but have been carrying coals to Newcastle. But that for which France, far less meditative than Germany is eminent, is the prompt, ardent, and practical application of an idea, when she seizes it, in all departments of human activity which admit it. And that in which Germany most fails, and by failing in which she appears so helpless and impotent, is just this practical application of her innumerable ideas. "When Candide," says Heine himself, "came to Eldorado, he saw in the streets a number of boys who were playing with gold-nuggets instead of marbles. This degree of luxury made him imagine that they must be the king's children, and he was not a little astonished when he found that in Eldorado gold-nuggets are of no more value than marbles are with us, and that the school-boys play with them. A similar thing happened to a friend of mine, a foreigner, when he came to Germany and first read German books. He was perfectly astounded at the wealth of ideas which he found in them; but he soon remarked that ideas in Germany are as plentiful as gold-nuggets in Eldorado, and that those writers whom he had taken for intellectual princes, were in reality only common school-boys." Heine was, as he calls himself, a "Child of the French Revolution," an "Initiator," because he vigorously assured the Germans that ideas were not

counters or marbles, to be played with for their own sake ; because he exhibited in literature modern ideas applied with the utmost freedom, clearness, and originality. And therefore he declared that the great task of his life had been the endeavor to establish a cordial relation between France and Germany. It is because he thus operates a junction between the French spirit and German ideas and German culture, that he founds something new, opens a fresh period, and deserves the attention of criticism far more than the German poets his contemporaries, who merely continue an old period till it expires. It may be predicted that in the literature of other countries, too, the French spirit is destined to make its influence felt as an element, in alliance with the native spirit, of novelty and movement, as it has made its influence felt in German literature ; fifty years hence a critic in the *Cornhill Magazine* will be demonstrating to our grandchildren how the phenomenon has come to pass.

We in England, in our great burst of literature during the first thirty years of the present century, had no manifestation of the modern spirit, as this spirit manifests itself in Goethe's works or Heine's. And the reason is not far to seek. We had neither the German wealth of ideas, nor the French enthusiasm for applying ideas. There reigned in the mass of the nation that inveterate inaccessibility to ideas, that Philistinism—to use the German nickname—which reacts even on the individual genius that is exempt from it. In our greatest literary epoch, that of the Elizabethan age, English society at large was accessible to ideas, was permeated by them, was vivified by them to a degree which has never been reached in England since. Hence the unique greatness in English literature of Shakspeare and his contemporaries ; they were powerfully upheld by the intellectual life of their nation ; they applied freely in literature the then modern ideas—the ideas of the Renaissance and the Reformation. A few years afterwards the great English middle class, the kernel of the nation, the class, whose intelligent sympathy had upheld a Shakspeare, entered the prison of Puritanism, and had the key turned on its spirit there for two hundred years. *He enlargeth a nation, says Job, and straiteneth it again.* In the literary movement of the beginning of the nineteenth century the signal attempt to ap-

ply freely the modern spirit was made in England by two members of the aristocratic class, Byron and Shelley. Aristocracies are, as such, naturally impenetrable by ideas ; but their individual members have a high courage and a turn for breaking bounds ; and a man of genius, who is the born child of the idea, happening to be born in the aristocratic ranks, chafes against the obstacles which prevent him from freely developing it. But Byron and Shelley did not succeed in their attempt freely to apply the modern spirit in English literature ; they could not succeed in it ; the resistance to baffle them, the want of intelligent sympathy to guide and uphold them, were too great. Their literary creation compared with the literary creation of Shakspeare and Spenser, compared with the literary creation of Goethe and Heine, is a failure. The best literary creation of that time in England proceeded from men who did not make the same bold attempt as Byron and Shelley. What, in fact, was the career of the chief English men of letters, their contemporaries ? The greatest of them, Wordsworth, retired (in Middle-Age phrase) into a monastery. I mean, he plunged himself in the inward life, he voluntarily cut himself off from the modern spirit. Coleridge took to opium. Scott became the historiographer royal of feudalism. Keats passionately gave himself up to a sensuous genius, to his faculty for interpreting nature ; and he died of consumption at twenty-five. Wordsworth, Scott, and Keats have left admirable works ; far more solid and complete works than those which Byron and Shelley have left. But their works have this defect—they do not belong to that which is the main current of the literature of modern epochs, they do not apply modern ideas to life ; they constitute, therefore, *minor currents*, and all other literary work of our day, however popular, which has the same defect, also constitutes but a minor current. Byron and Shelley will be long remembeared, long after the inadequacy of their actual work is clearly recognized, for their passionate, their Titanic effort to flow in the main stream of modern literature ; their names will be greater than their writings : *stat magni nominis umbra*.

Heine's literary good fortune was greater than that of Byron and Shelley. His theatre of operations was Germany, whose Philistinism does not consist in her want of ideas, or

in her inaccessibility to ideas, for she teems with them, and loves them, but, as I have said, in her feeble and hesitating application of modern ideas to life. Heine's intense modernism, his absolute freedom, his utter rejection of stock classicism and stock romanticism, his bringing all things under the point of view of the nineteenth century, were understood and laid to heart by Germany, through virtue of her immense, tolerant intellectualism much as there was in all Heine said to affront and wound Germany. The wit and ardent modern spirit of France Heine joined to the culture, the sentiment, the thought of Germany. This is what makes him so remarkable; his wonderful clearness, lightness, and freedom, united with such power of feeling and width of range. Is there anywhere keener wit than in his story of the French abbé who was his tutor, and who wanted to get from him that *la religion* is French for *der Glaube*: "Six times did he ask me the question: 'Henry, what is *der Glaube* in French?' and six times, and each time with a greater burst of tears, did I answer him—'It is *le crédit*.' And at the seventh time, his face purple with rage, the infuriated examiner screamed out—'It is *la religion*;' and a rain of cuffs descended upon me, and all the other boys burst out laughing. Since that day I have never been able to hear *la religion* mentioned, without feeling a tremor run through my back, and my cheeks grow red with shame." Or in that comment on the fate of Professor Saalfeld, who had been addicted to writing furious pamphlets against Napoleon, and who was a professor at Göttingen, a great seat, according to Heine, of pedantry and Philistinism: "It is curious," says Heine, "the three greatest adversaries of Napoleon have all of them ended miserably. Castlereagh cut his own throat; Louis the Eighteenth rotted upon his throne; and Professor Saalfeld is still a professor at Göttingen. It is impossible to go beyond that."

What wit, again, in that saying which every one has heard: "The Englishman loves liberty like his lawful wife, the Frenchman loves her like his mistress, the German loves her like his old grandmother." But the turn Heine gives to this incomparable saying is not so well known; and it is by that turn he shows himself the born poet he is, full of delicacy and tenderness, of inexhaustible resource, infinitely new and striking:—

"And yet, after all, no one can ever tell how things may fall out. The grumpy Englishman, in an ill-temper with his wife, is capable of some day putting a rope round her neck, and taking her to be sold at Smithfield. The inconstant Frenchman may become unfaithful to his adored mistress, and be seen fluttering about the Palais Royal after another. *But the German will never quite abandon his old grandmother*; he will always keep for her a nook by the chimney-corner, where she can tell her fairy stories to the listening children."

Is it possible to touch more delicately and happily both the weakness and the strength of Germany—pedantic, simple, enslaved, free, ridiculous, admirable Germany?

And Heine's verse—his *Lieder*? Oh, the comfort, after dealing with French people of genius, irresistibly impelled to try and express themselves in verse, launching out into a deep which destiny has sown with so many rocks for them,—the comfort of coming to a man of genius, who finds in verse his freest and most perfect expression, whose voyage over the deep of poetry destiny makes smooth! After the rhythm, to us, at any rate, with the German paste in our composition, so deeply unsatisfying, of—

"Ah! que me dites-vous, et que vous dit mon ame?
Que dit le ciel à l'aube et la flamme à la flamme?"
what a blessing to arrive at rhythms like—

"Take, oh, take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn!"—

or—

"Siehst sehr sterbeblässig aus,
Doch getrost! du bist zu Haus!"—

in which one's soul can take pleasure! The magic of Heine's poetical form is incomparable; he chiefly uses a form of old German popular poetry, a ballad form, which has more rapidity and grace than any ballad form of ours; he employs this form with the most exquisite lightness and ease, and yet it has at the same time the inborn fullness, pathos, and old world charm of all true form of popular poetry. Thus in Heine's poetry, too, one perpetually blends the impression of French modernism and clearness with that of German sentiment and fullness; and to give this blended impression is, as I have said, Heine's great characteristic. To feel it, one must read him: he gives it in his form as well as in his contents, and by translation I can only reproduce it so far as his contents,

give it. But even the contents of many of his poems are capable of giving a certain sense of it. Here, for instance, is a poem in which he makes his profession of faith to an innocent beautiful soul, a sort of Gretchen, the child of some simple mining people having their hut among the pines at the foot of the Hartz Mountains, who reproaches him with not holding the old articles of the Christian creed :—

“ Ah, my child, while I was yet a little boy, while I yet sate upon my mother’s knee, I believed in God the Father, who rules up there in Heaven, good and great ;

“ Who created the beautiful earth, and the beautiful men and women thereon ; who ordained for sun, moon, and stars their courses.

“ When I got bigger, my child, I comprehended yet a great deal more than this, and comprehended, and grew intelligent ; and I believe on the Son also ;

“ On the beloved Son, who loved us, and revealed love to us ; and for his reward, as always happens, was crucified by the people.

“ Now, when I am grown up, have read much, have travelled much, my heart swells within me, and with my whole heart I believe on the Holy Ghost.

“ The greatest miracles were of his working, and still greater miracles doth he even now work ; he burst in sunder the oppressor’s stronghold, and he burst in sunder the bondsmen’s yoke.

“ He heals old death-wounds, and renews the old right ; all mankind are one race of noble equals before him.

“ He chases away the evil clouds and the dark cobwebs of the brain, which have spoilt love and joy for us, which day and night have lowered on us.

“ A thousand knights, well harnessed, has the Holy Ghost chosen out to fulfil his will, and he has put courage into their souls.

“ Their good swords flash, their bright banners wave ; what, thou wouldst give much, my child, to look upon such gallant knights ?

“ Well, on me, my child, look ! kiss me, and look boldly upon me ! one of those knights of the Holy Ghost am I.”

One has only to turn over the pages of his *Romancero*—a collection of poems written in the first years of his illness, with his whole power and charm still in them, and not, like his latest poems of all, painfully touched by the air of his *Matrazzen-gruft*, his mattress-grave—to see Heine’s width of range ; the

most varied figures succeed one another, Rhampsinitus, Edith with the swan neck, Charles the First, Marie Antoinette, King David, a heroine of *Mabille*, Melisanda of Tripoli, Richard Cœur de Lion, Pedro the Cruel, Firdusi, Cortes, Dr. Döllinger ; but never does Heine attempt to be *hübsch objectiv*, “ beautifully objective,” to become in spirit an old Egyptian, or an old Hebrew, or a Middle-Age knight, or a Spanish adventurer, or an English royalist ; he always remains Heinrich Heine, a son of the nineteenth century. To give you a notion of his tone I will quote a few stanzas at the end of the *Spanish Atride*, in which he describes, in the character of a visitor at the court of Henry of Transtamare at Segovia, Henry’s treatment of the children of his brother, Pedro the Cruel. Don Diego Albuquerque, his neighbor, strolls after dinner through the castle with him :—

“ In the cloister-passage, which leads to the kennels where are kept the king’s hounds, that with their growling and yelping let you know a long way off where they are,

“ There I saw, built into the wall, and with a strong iron grating for its outer face, a cell like a cage.

“ Two human figures sate therein, two young boys ; chained by the leg, they crouched in the dirty straw.

“ Hardly twelve years old seemed the one, the other not much older ; their faces fair and noble, but pale and wan with sickness.

“ They were all in rags, almost naked ; and their lean bodies showed wounds, the marks of ill-usage ; both of them shivered with fever.

“ They looked up at me out of the depth of their misery : ‘ Who,’ I cried in horror to Don Diego, ‘ are these pictures of wretchedness ?’

“ Don Diego seemed embarrassed ; he looked round to see that no one was listening ; then he gave a deep sigh, and at last, putting on the easy tone of a man of the world, he said :—

“ These are a pair of king’s sons, who were early left orphans ; the name of their father was King Pedro, the name of their mother Maria de Padilla.

“ After the great battle of Navarette, when Henry of Transtamare had relieved his brother, King Pedro, of the troublesome burden of the crown,

“ And likewise of that still more troublesome burden, which is called life, then Don Henry’s victorious magnanimity had to deal with his brother’s children.

“ He has adopted them, as an uncle

should; and he has given them free quarters in his own castle.

"The room which he has assigned to them is certainly rather small, but then it is cool in summer, and not intolerably cold in winter.

"Their fare is rye bread, which tastes as sweet as if the goddess Ceres had baked it express for her beloved Proserpine.

"Not unfrequently, too, he sends a scullion to them with garbanzos, and then the young gentlemen know that it is Sunday in Spain.

"But it is not Sunday every day, and garbanzos do not come every day; and the master of the hounds gives them the treat of his whip.

"For the master of the hounds, who has under his superintendence the kennels and the pack, and the nephews' cage also,

"Is the unfortunate husband of that lemon-faced woman with the white ruff, whom we remarked to-day at dinner.

"And she scolds so sharp, that often her husband snatches his whip, and rushes down here, and gives it to the dogs and to the poor little boys.

"But his majesty has expressed his disapproval of such proceedings, and has given orders that for the future his nephews are to be treated differently from the dogs.

"He has determined no longer to entrust the disciplining of his nephews to a mercenary stranger, but to carry it out with his own hands."

"Don Diego stopped abruptly; for the seneschal of the castle joined us, and politely expressed his hope that we had dined to our satisfaction."

Observe how the irony of the whole of that, finishing with the grim inuendo of the last stanza but one, is at once truly masterly and truly modern.

No account of Heine is complete which does not notice the Jewish element in him. His race he treated with the same freedom with which he treated everything else, but he derived a great force from it, and no one knew this better than he himself. He has excellently pointed out how in the sixteenth century there was a double renaissance—a Hellenic renaissance and a Hebrew renaissance—and how both have been great powers ever since. He himself had in him both the spirit of Greece and the spirit of Judea; both these spirits reach the infinite, which is the true goal of all poetry and all art—the Greek spirit by beauty, the Hebrew spirit by sublimity. By his perfection of literary

form, by his love of clearness, by his love of beauty, Heine is Greek; by his intensity, by his untamableness, by his "longing which cannot be uttered," he is Hebrew. Yet what Hebrew ever treated the things of the Hebrews like this?—

"There lives at Hamburg, in a one-roomed lodging in the Baker's Broad Walk, a man whose name is Moses Lump; all the week he goes about in wind and rain, with his pack on his back, to earn his few shillings; but when on Friday evening he comes home, he finds the candlestick with seven candles lighted, and the table covered with a fair white cloth, and he puts away from him his pack and his cares, and he sits down to table with his squinting wife and yet more squinting daughter, and eats fish with them, fish which has been dressed in beautiful white garlic-sauce, sings therewith the grandest psalms of King David, rejoices with his whole heart over the deliverance of the children of Israel out of Egypt, rejoices, too, that all the wicked ones who have done the children of Israel harm, have ended by taking themselves off; that King Pharaoh, Nebuchadnezzar, Haman, Antiochus, Titus, and all such people are well dead, while he, Moses Lump, is yet alive, and eating fish with wife and daughter; and I can tell you, Doctor, the fish is delicate and the man is happy, he has no call to torment himself about culture, he sits contented in his religion and in his green bed-gown, like Diogenes in his tub, he contemplates with satisfaction his candles, which he on no account will snuff for himself; and I can tell you, if the candles burn a little dim, and the snuff-woman, whose business it is to snuff them, is not at hand, and Rothschild the Great were at that moment to come in, with all his brokers, bill-discounters, agents, and chief clerks, with whom he conquers the world, and Rothschild were to say, 'Moses Lump, ask of me what favor you will, and it shall be granted you;'—Doctor, I am convinced, Moses Lump would quietly answer, 'Snuff me those candles!' and Rothschild the Great would exclaim with admiration, 'If I were not Rothschild, I would be Moses Lump.'"

There Heine shows us his own people by its comic side; in the poem of the *Princess Sabbath* he shows it to us by a more serious side. The *Princess Sabbath*, "the tranquil Princess, pearl and flower of all beauty, fair as the Queen of Sheba, Solomon's bosom friend, that blue-stocking from Ethiopia who wanted to shine by her *esprit*, and with her wise riddles made herself in the long run a

bore" (with Heine the sarcastic turn is never far off), this princess has for her betrothed a prince whom sorcery has transformed into an animal of lower race, the Prince Israel.

"A dog with the desires of a dog, he wallows all the week long in the filth and refuse of life, amidst the jeers of the boys in the street.

"But every Friday evening, at the twilight hour, suddenly the magic passes off, and the dog becomes once more a human being.

"A man with the feelings of a man, with head and heart raised aloft, in festal garb, in almost clean garb, he enters the halls of his Father.

"Hail, beloved halls of my royal Father! Ye tents of Jacob, I kiss with my lips your holy door-posts!"

Still more he shows us this serious side in his beautiful poem on Jehuda ben Halevy, a poet belonging to "the great golden age of the Arabian, Old-Spanish, Jewish school of poets," a contemporary of the troubadors:—

"He, too, the hero whom we sing, Jehuda ben Halevy, too, had his lady-love; but she was of a special sort.

"She was no Laura, whose eyes, mortal stars, in the cathedral on Good Friday kindled that world-renowned flame.

"She was no *châtelaine*, who in the blooming glory of her youth presided at tournaments, and awarded the victor's crown.

"No *casuistess* in the Gay Science was she, no lady *doctrinaire*, who delivered her oracles in the judgment-chamber of a Court of Love.

"She, whom the Rabbi loved, was a woe-gone poor darling, a mourning picture of desolation; and her name was Jerusalem."

Jehuda ben Halevy, like the Crusaders, makes his pilgrimage to Jerusalem; and there, amid the ruins, sings a song of Zion which has become famous among his people:—

"That lay of pearled tears is the wide-famed Lament, which is sung in all the scattered tents of Jacob throughout the world.

"On the ninth day of the month which is called Ab, on the anniversary of Jerusalem's destruction by Titus Vespasianus.

"Yes, that is the song of Sion, which Jehuda ben Halevy sang with his dying breath amid the holy ruins of Jerusalem.

"Barefoot, and in penitential weeds, he sate there upon the fragment of a fallen column; down to his breast fell,

"Like a gray forest, his hair; and cast a weird shadow on the face which looked out through it, his troubled pale face, with the spiritual eyes.

"So he sate and sang, like unto a seer out of the fore-time to look upon: Jeremiah, the Ancient, seemed to have risen out of his grave.

"But a bold Saracen came riding that way, aloft on his barb, lolling in his saddle, and brandishing a naked javelin;

"Into the breast of the poor singer he plunged his deadly shaft, and shot away like a winged shadow.

"Quietly flowed the Rabbi's life-blood, quietly he sang his song to an end; and his last dying sigh was Jerusalem!"

Nor must Heine's sweetest note be unheard—his plaintive note, his note of melancholy. Here is a strain which came from him as he lay, in the winter night, on his "mattress-grave" at Paris, and let his thoughts wander to Germany, "the great child, entertaining herself with her Christmas-tree." "Thou tookest,"—he cries to the German exile—

"Thou tookest thy flight towards sunshine and happiness; naked and poor returnest thou back. German truth, German shirts,—one gets them worn to tatters in foreign parts.

"Deadly pale are thy looks, but take comfort, thou art at home; one lies warm in German earth, warm as by the old pleasant fireside.

"Many a one, alas! became crippled, and could get home no more: longingly he stretches out his arms; God have mercy upon him!"

God have mercy upon him! for what remain of the days of the years of his life are few and evil. "Can it be that I still actually exist? My body is so shrunk that there is hardly anything of me left but my voice, and my bed makes me think of the melodious grave of the enchanter Merlin, which is in the forest of Broceliand in Brittany, under high oaks whose tops shine like green flames to heaven. Ah, I envy thee those trees, brother Merlin, and their fresh waving; for over my mattress-grave here in Paris no green leaves rustle; and early and late I hear nothing but the rattle of carriages, hammering, scolding, and the jingle of the piano. A grave without rest, death without the privileges of the departed, who have no longer any need to spend money, or to write letters, or to compose books. What a melancholy situation!"

He died, and has left a blemished name; with his crying faults, his intemperate susceptibility, his unscrupulousness in passion,

his inconceivable attacks on his enemies, his still more inconceivable attacks on his friends, his want of generosity, his sensuality, his incessant mocking, how could it be otherwise? Not only was he not one of Mr. Carlyle's "respectable" people, he was profoundly disrespected; and not even the merit of not being a Philistine can make up for a man's being that. To his intellectual deliverance there was an edition of something else wanting, and that something else was something immense; the old-fashioned, laborious, eternally needful moral deliverance. Goethe says that he was deficient in *love*; to me his weakness seems to be not so much a deficiency in love as a deficiency in self-respect, in true dignity of character. But on this negative side of one's criticism of a man of great genius, I for my part, when I have once clearly marked that this negative side is and must be there, have no pleasure in dwelling. I prefer to say of Heine something positive. He is not an adequate interpreter of the modern world. He is only a brilliant soldier in the war of liberation of humanity. But, such as he is, he is (and posterity too, I am quite sure, will say this), in the European literature of that quarter of a century which follows the death of Goethe, incomparably the most important figure.

What a spendthrift, one is tempted to cry,

is Nature! With what prodigality, in the march of generations, she employs human power, content to gather almost always little result from it, sometimes none! Look at Byron, that Byron whom the present generation of Englishmen are forgetting; Byron, the greatest natural force, the greatest elementary power, I cannot but think, which has appeared in our literature since Shakespeare. And what became of this wonderful production of nature? He shattered himself, he inevitably shattered himself to pieces, against the huge black, cloud-topped, interminable precipice of British Philistinism. But Byron, it may be said, was eminent only by his genius, only by his inborn force and fire; he had not the intellectual equipment of a supreme modern poet; except for his genius he was an ordinary nineteenth-century English nobleman, with little culture and with no ideas. Well, then, look at Heine. Heine had all the culture of Germany; in his head fermented all the ideas of modern Europe. And what have we got from Heine? A half-result, for want of moral balance, and of nobleness of soul and character. That is what I say; there is so much power, so many seem able to run well, so many give promise of running well; so few reach the goal, so few are chosen. *Many are called, few chosen.*

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

Two works on Madagascar have been published within the last few days in Paris:—"Trois Mois de Séjour a Madagascar," by Capt. Dupré, Commanding the Naval Division of the Western Coast of Africa; and "Madagascar et le roi Radama II.," by the Rev. Henry de Régnon, *Procureur* of the Missions of Madagascar and Madura.

PUBLICATIONS on the Polish question are still appearing in Paris; and French literature seems to be branching, beyond the express Polish question, into directions suggested by it. There has been announced the first volume, in some 500 pages, of a historical book entitled "Le Catholicisme Romain en Russie," by Count Dmitry Tolstoy.

A NEW FRENCH publication of 160 pages, under the title of "L'Isthme de Suez," by M. A. Noirot, is a reprint from *La Revue du Monde colonial*.

MR. BENDER, the enterprising foreign bookseller in Little Newport Street, announces a new periodical for Germans in London, the number of whom is estimated in the prospectus at considerably more than 100,000. It will be entitled *Bender's Londoner Anzeiger*, and is intended chiefly as a repository of amusing reading, and a vehicle for advertisements. The publication was to commence on September 1.

"Les Economistes appréciés, ou Nécessité de la Protection," is the title of a work by a M. Prontin, the second part of which has just been published in Paris.

A LECTURE by Dr. Strauss on Lessing's "Nathan the Wise" is announced as on the point of publication.

DR. BOHMER has completed his work on the divergencies of the Protestant and Catholic Confessions.

From The Saturday Review.

THE KING OF DAHOMY AT HOME.

THE prominence just given to the King of Dahomey and his Court by the discussion which has taken place in one of the dignified *séances* of the British Association, and the controversy which is going on as to his mental and moral idiosyncrasies, bid fair to make the name of that potentate a household word. He has the reputation of being the chief supporter of the slave trade in the interior of Africa; he is the *bête noire* of missionaries; and we heard a year or two ago such an account of his "customs," and of the hecatombs of human victims that are consumed in the celebration of them, that Lord Russell was recommended to put him down at once as a public nuisance. On such occasions it is always advisable to wait a little. Sad as it is to be obliged to make the confession, philanthropy, when its blood is up, is apt to be as indiscriminate in its vengeance as a King of Dahomey himself; and missionaries are occasionally given to premature alarms, wild exaggerations, and the vagaries of old-womanhood in general. We have lately had a picture of the terrible potentate, drawn from the life by one who has had every opportunity of seeing him as he is, who writes with a sailor's brevity and exactness, and who has presented Parliament with one of the most readable papers that have adorned that species of literature for years. If it is considerably more favorable than the sketch which has been subsequently given to the world by M. Jules Gérard, it is more detailed and circumstantial, it appears to be founded on fuller opportunities of observation than those enjoyed by the celebrated lion-hunter, and it has just been confirmed by the independent and personal testimony of Mr. Craft at Newcastle. The narrative of our gallant countryman may perhaps assist us in correcting to some extent the very exaggerated and unpleasant impression of the royal character which M. Gérard's account of his Dahomey experiences is calculated to produce.

In November, 1862, Commodore Wilmot was cruising on the West African station in H. M. S. *Rattlesnake*, and learned from the Wesleyan missionary at Whydah that the King of Dahomey was most anxious to see "somebody of consideration from England—a 'real Englishman,' with whom he might converse on the affairs of his country." Accord-

ingly, he consulted the Yavogah, or Governor of Whydah, who told him to return in seven days, when he would "let him know whether the king would see him." He returned at the appointed time, and, having been meanwhile represented to his majesty as a "good and proper person," with a sort of intimation (which seems, by the way, to have been an extemporized addition on the part of the yavogah) that he came out as a messenger of the queen, he received the king's invitation to his capital in due form. There were two or three things, however, to be seriously considered. Our late attack on Porto Novo, which belongs to the king's brother, was said to have enraged his majesty so much that he had expressed a strong desire to lay hands upon an English officer, for certain personal and unpleasant purposes. Also, the Europeans at Whydah had spread the most alarming reports of the king's hatred of the English, apparently in order to keep the English and the king as far apart as possible, and thereby to hide their own misdeeds from inconvenient publicity. But the commodore, besides his unquestionable pluck and love of adventure, possessed certain special aptitudes for the mission. Among others, he had been personally acquainted with the king's father; and he carried about him, if we are rightly informed, a substantial and very useful mark of his regard. So, with perhaps a few qualms, he sent his ships on a fourteen days' cruise, and, accompanied by Captain Luce and Dr. Haran, and joined on his way by the Wesleyan missionary, he landed at Whydah on the 22d of December, 1862. He was received most cordially by the yavogah and chiefs, with drums beating, colors flying, muskets firing, dancing, and war-songs, and was also treated to a sight of the maneuvers of a slave hunt. All along the road the party was treated with great respect. Presents of water, fowls, and goats, met them everywhere, accompanied with the usual amount of firing, drumming, dancing, singing, etc., and a series of ominous speeches, signifying the general desire of the speakers to "go to war and cut off heads for their master." A prince was ordered to attend them on their journey, and the king sent three of his "sticks," by special messengers, to meet them on their way—gold stick, silver stick, and all the rest of it, of course, just like St. James's or the Tuileries—possibly a

well-meant endeavor so reassure them that, notwithstanding the odd tone of the "speeches," his majesty was a good Christian-like king after all, even if he did go to war "for an idea" now and then, like some of his brethren.

On the 10th, the king received them in state at Cannah, eight miles from his capital. They were carried three times round the square of the palace with much ceremony. Then they entered the gates of the courtyard, and beheld his sable majesty seated with about a hundred wives round him, "most of them young and exceedingly pretty," at the upper end of a sort of state avenue of variegated umbrellas, under which were congregated his principal chiefs. All around stood "the Guards," a household brigade consisting, in this instance, of a remarkably fine body of Amazons, of whose soldierly bearing and accuracy in loading and firing the commodore everywhere speaks with much admiration:—

"The king was reclining on a raised dais, about three feet high, covered with crimson cloth, smoking his pipe. One of his wives held a glass sugar-basin for him to spit in. He was dressed very plainly, the upper part of his body being bare, with only a silver chain holding some fetish charm round his neck, and an unpretending cloth round his waist."

All this, except, perhaps, the spitting apparatus, is civilized enough, if one only reads it rightly. The dais might have done duty at the last lord mayor's ball; and "the upper part of the body" of half the ladies in the ballroom might have been described with exactly the same fidelity, if the *Court Journal* on the occasion had chanced to be written by a blunt commodore, instead of veiling its descriptions of "low" dress under the conventional euphemisms. This preliminary interview, however, was simply one of ceremony. There were the usual inquiries about the queen's health, the travellers' journey, and our form of government, *Eothen*-fashion; the Amazons performed their feats very creditably, brandished "gigantic razors," and cut off imaginary heads with them, just like a sham-fight at a review; and the audience ended with the indispensable present of bottles of rum all round. Rum is hardly so appropriate a beverage as champagne on such occasions, and they have, unfortunately, no

Pall Mall in Dahomey, so that this part of the ceremony has to be performed *coram populo*, instead of being adjourned, as with us, to the club after the *levée* is over. Our own reserve in the matter is, however, curiously parodied in those parts: "No one is permitted to see the king drink; all turn their faces away, and a large cloth is held up by his wives while the royal mouth takes in the liquid."

On Sunday morning, the 14th, the king entered his capital, Abomey, in great state, and the strangers were permitted to see the famous "custom" held annually by him in honor of his "father's spirit." It lasted several days; and the description of the king drawn round the square by his body-guard of women, the "occasional skull at the waist-belt," the scramble for cowers, cloths, etc., distributed by the king from a platform raised twice as high as his father's used to be, and the live fowls, goats, bull, and lastly, men, thrown among the crowd from a tower thirty feet high, is well worth reading; but we can now only speak of the last and best-known part of the "custom." After the romantic tales we have heard about the immolation of human victims by the thousand, it is comparatively satisfactory to learn that they only amounted to six one day and eight another. Here also, as in everything else, it is understood that the present king doubles the liberality of his father; and he was at pains to explain that the victims were criminals—murderers, thieves, etc. The commodore doubts the strict veracity of this statement; but one cannot help remembering that, not very many years ago, if a Dahomeian envoy had come to England and stood in front of Newgate—not once a year, but once a month—he might have seen a "custom" quite as curious performed with as much or more solemnity, under the presidency of sheriffs and chaplain, and at least as sanguinary. Moreover, the king good-naturedly presented one of the victims (after his black face had become "extraordinarily white" at the prospect before him) to the commodore, and another to a chief who happened to be a particular friend of his, in honor of the visit. We are not sure that our sheriffs would have displayed a similar amount of politeness: and they could not, if they would.

On one occasion during the festivities, certain emissaries from Aghwey, "hearing that

it was the intention of the king to attack their country, came to give themselves up to him rather than take the chance of being taken, sold, or beheaded." They swore fealty to him, kissed the dust, covered themselves with sand, and the like. The king made a speech to them; and then the prime minister made another, in which was pointed out "the power of the king and the greatness of his name." Then "each chief was presented with cowries and cloth, the two principal ones with a wife each." In more civilized latitudes, when people are chaffering about kingdoms, very much the same process is observed, only that we mostly give gold and bunting, instead of cloth and cowries, and occasionally, perhaps, a wife with the kingdom; the petitioners "eat dirt" plentifully, and the prime minister is sure to make his speech on the occasion—in Parliament, it is true, but very much to the same effect. Altogether, one gets the notion that the King of Dahomey is not very much behind the rest of the world; or, anyhow, that for most European countries the process of stone-throwing would be a hazardous experiment. At the end of the "custom," and when the commodore had been made Colonel of the King's Life Guards (men and women), and had been regaled with speeches from the captains as to what they would do at Abbeokuta (the place he had come to save from an expected inroad), and congratulated on "the number of heads that would fall to his share" when this happy piece of homicide should have been accomplished, the real business of the mission commenced. The objects Commodore Wilmot had in view were laid before the king in order, and his negotiations, if not betokening any very high order of statesmanship, were at all events far beyond those of the King of Prussia, or an average Bourbon. The slave-trade he could not give up:—

"They had seen how much he had to give away every year (indeed, the desolate aspect of the whole country showed that the scanty population almost lives on these royal doles)—where was he to get money from? It was not his fault; our fathers had made his fathers do it; and now it had become an institution of his country."

As to the safety of Abbeokuta,—

"I must go thither; they are my enemies: they insulted my brother, and I must punish them; let us alone; why interfere in black

men's wars? Let the 'white man' stand by and see which are the brave men."

He promised, however, to spare all the Christians and send them to Whydah.

On the commodore's asking about the Christians at Ishagga (who, it seems, had been slaughtered with no great discrimination on a former occasion), he says:—

"Who knew they were Christians? The black man says he is a white man, calls himself a Christian, and dresses himself in clothes. It is an insult to the white man. I respect the white man; but these people are impostors, and no better than my own people. Why do they remain in a place when they know I am coming? If they do, I suppose they are taking up arms against me, and I am bound to treat them as enemies."

The commodore honestly owns himself floored here, and reasoned with him no longer on this subject, because he thought his observations so thoroughly just and honest." We are disposed to agree with him very decidedly. It must be rather puzzling to know how to observe international courtesies when "the black man says he is a white man," and expects his enemy to believe it. Then, about human sacrifices:—

"You have seen that only a few are sacrificed, and not the thousands that wicked men have told the world. If I were to give up this custom at once, my head would be taken off to-morrow. By and by, little by little, much may be done; softly, softly—not by threats. You see how I am placed, and the difficulties in the way. By and by, by and by."

The sable brother rises in our esteem. We are beginning to rate him, in point of *vois*, considerably above the average oracles of the missionary meeting. Meanwhile, he was quite willing to allow his mulatto subjects to send their children to the Christian schools at Whydah; and he promised to send a prince to England as soon as the commodore came again to renew the friendship, and gave him "the queen's" answer to what he had said. Finally, he dismissed the commodore with handsome presents for the queen—a royal umbrella made of all sorts of velvet, a pipe-stick and bag, one of the state "sticks," and a couple of intelligent captive girls. These last are, considerably enough, left at Whydah for the present.

On the whole, it must be admitted that

the King of Dahomey has something to say for himself. As is remarked by a correspondent of the *Times*, writing under the signature of "An African," "Human sacrifices are regarded by the Africans as a part of their religion;" and in no quarter of the world is it safe for sovereigns to go too decidedly against popular and accredited traditions. It is equally true, as we are reminded by the same writer, that "African monarchies are limited;" and it is perfectly credible, though not in accordance with the uniform tenor of European experience, that "African kings are in advance of their subjects." The King of Ashantee had exactly the same apology as his brother of Dahomey to offer to an English visitor (Sir William Winniett, the Governor of the Gold Coast) for hesitating to abolish the "custom" of his dominions:—

"What you say is good, but would you like to lose one of your epaulets?" and the king put his finger upon the governor's left epaulet. Sir William was a little puzzled at the strangeness and at the apparent inappropriateness of the question, but he replied, "Why, no, I should not." "Very well, then," answered the king. "If I were to attempt to do away with human sacrifices, my chiefs would make my kingdom like your coat with its one epaulet. I should lose the half of Ashantee."

What may come of the commodore's mission, time only can show; but, with a king so sensible of the evils of the present state of things, of the desolate condition of his country, and of its decaying population (it appears that it is under 180,000, of whom three-fourths are women and children), and with his high and apparently just pretensions to be, "not like these kings of Lagos, Benin, etc.," but *the* king of the blacks, much as Queen Victoria is chief Amazon of the whites, we venture to augur favorably of the Dahomey future. It is clear enough that, if we can fairly meet his views, he is quite ready to renew the friendly intercourse to which, oddly enough, about a hundred years ago, his family owed the recovery of its throne. In what preachers, when they come to a hitch, call "the highly figurative

language of the East," or South, the sable king said, on receiving her majesty's picture, "The King of Dahomey and the Queen of England are one; you shall hold the tail of the kingdom, and I will take the head." At first we took it for a somewhat ambiguous compliment, depending, at all events, for its value on the place to which Anglican and African physiologists respectively may happen to assign the seat of honor; but in Commodore Wilmot's commentary it simply means that we may take possession of Whydah, the port, and supply him with everything if we like. That is, if we mean to suppress the slave-trade, he very naturally invites us, in the first instance, to give him a legitimate trade instead of it. The country is admirably adapted for the growth of cotton, silk, coffee, indigo, sugar, and every product of tropical climates; the natives are not naturally warlike, and at present "seem heartily tired of it;" only it is their trade—they live by it. Teach them a better, and there seems little doubt that they will avail themselves of the opportunity. Their religion, the great difficulty in most countries, will not stand in the way. "Fetish," which prescribes all manner of self-denials in the culinary way—forbidding some to eat beef, others mutton, others goats' flesh, others eggs—has never yet been known to forbid anybody wine or spirits, and it will probably be equally accommodating in the articles of trade and manufactures. The king complains bitterly of our having listened to idle stories, and set all his neighbors at war with him; and it really seems as if our missionaries, while they have been humbugged by the tales of interested slave-dealers or by their own timorousness, have been keeping us at needless distance from the very person who, from his titular sovereignty over the native tribes, and his traditional regard for the English, is more likely than any one else to help us in drying up the slave-trade at its source. It is one more instance among many of the folly of mixing up political with religious missions. For sound head, frank bearing, solid sense, and practical success, Commodore Wilmot is worth a whole presbytery of preachers.

From The Saturday Review.

BATHING ABROAD AND AT HOME.

It is by trifles that national character is most distinctly shown. All the more elaborate and important institutions of nations have a tendency to assimilate to each other. The results of reasoning and reflection will be the same in all countries; and the arrangements which are the result of them cannot, in the end, differ very much. But in the smaller matters of life, the subjects of mere caprice and taste, a nation's spontaneous tendencies make themselves very plainly seen. Bathing—a subject with which, as actors or spectators, a considerable number of our readers will be familiar just now—curiously illustrates the difference of the two nations which, in more important matters, are gradually drawing more close together. The two systems are much valued by the two nations; and the plan of one is wholly intolerable to the other. The Englishman cannot endure the restraints of the French system, and the Frenchman boldly sets down all our talk about morality as humbug when our laws and customs tolerate such outrages upon decency as are witnessed at an English watering-place. To an Englishman the charm of his system is its independence. His bathing-machine is his castle. The little bit of sea it encloses is his peculiar property. No one can encroach upon the few cubic feet of water he has appropriated for the time. If he likes to sally forth for a swim, he comes and goes regardless of the existence of any one else. It is not necessary for him to take any notice of his most intimate acquaintance who may be bathing in the next machine. He adopts precisely that amount of clothing or nudity which comports best with his own idea of what is comfortable or decent. He need take heed of no regulations, and recognize no public opinion in his proceedings. The sea and he have it entirely to themselves. That mixture of freedom and seclusion which constitutes an Englishman's chief happiness finds its highest ideal in an English bathing-machine. To carve out for the time being a private property even in the sea, and to have contrived a movable house for the enjoyment of a luxury in which seclusion seemed impossible, is quite a triumph of the national peculiarities. In France, the whole spirit of the scene is changed. The pastime ceases to be the isolated, surly, exclusive affair which

it is upon the English coast. But, at the same time, it loses its characteristic freedom. Like every other action in the life of a French citizen, it is tremendously regulated by the Government, and it is as much made the opportunity for the display of a Frenchman's gregarious tastes as any other part of the day's employment. There is no period of the twenty-four hours at which the beach looks so gay, so full, so picturesque, as during the bathing time, and at the place which a paternal administration has selected as the most suitable. Perhaps what makes it the liveliest is the curious costumes in which many of the figures upon it appear.

The government has taken the observance of decency under its own protection, and prescribes with accuracy the apparel to be worn. It looks a comical kind of decency to English eyes. The men are dressed in a sort of trousers and jersey all in one, which differs from ordinary garments of that description chiefly in being much too short in the legs and arms. This arrangement seems to be a compromise between the government's appreciation of decency and the natural human desire to be as naked as possible in the water. But to a stranger, it looks as if all the male population of the place had been seized with a sudden fancy for dressing in the clothes of their little boys. But they are not the oddest figures of the scene. The government, having ascertained the minimum of clothing that is respectable for men, appears to have come, by a kind of mechanical logic, to the conclusion that a similar quantity is abundant for women. The result is, that the beach is peopled with a number of nondescript-looking figures, bearing very much the appearance of short, ill-made men, scantily dressed in chocolate-colored serge—a sort of a forked radish turned brown from keeping—which it requires some effort of reasoning, on the part of people who are not habituated to this Paradisaical innocence of costume, to believe may possibly be ladies. All these figures wander about in the aimless dilatory way which appears to be an integral portion of amusement. Some are approaching the water with lazy steps, wondering whether it is not rather cold, and, in the agonies of deliberation, displaying the beauties of their costume to considerable advantage. Others, who have had their dip, are picking their steps wearily over the shingle, looking in vain for the

cabane where they may relieve themselves of the dripping garments which cling to their figures with a tenacity which gives rather a statuesque effect. All this time, by way of contrast, the beach is full of non-bathers—women dressed as only French women can dress—who are come to enjoy the spectacle. The contrast between the well-distended cones of gorgeous drapery which sweep along to and fro across the beach, and the poor brown, dripping, bifurcated spectres who are creeping over the pebbles up to their *cabanes*, may give a philosopher food for reflection upon the distinction between accidents and substance. If any anxious parents wish to provide a cure for some love-stricken youth, let them take him to see the mistress of his affections bathing at a French sea-place. Romance itself could not survive the sight of the fair one, associated in his mind with graceful movements and flowing lines and harmonious coloring, emerging from the water in the similitude of a magnified brown rat on its hind legs, which has narrowly escaped from drowning. Few who have not witnessed it can imagine how much of feminine beauty can be left behind by its owner in a *cabane*.

But the scene in the water is stranger still to English eyes. It looks like some mythological picture representing the Tritons carrying off the Nereids, or the Satyrs pursuing the Nymphs. The first thing that meets the spectator's eye is several couples in the water, holding each others' wrists, and to all appearance struggling violently. One of each of these couples is one of the brown rats we have described, and whom, by this time, the spectator has learned to speak of in the feminine gender. The other is a very muscular broad-shouldered Frenchman in a sailor's dress, who appears to look upon the brown rat as his own peculiar property. Generally, he seems to be shaking her violently by the wrists, and taking the opportunity of each successive wave that passes to duck her under its crest. Sometimes he is grasping her round the waist; sometimes he is tugging at one arm; sometimes she seems to have been just cast ashore by a very violent wave close by him, and to be lying in a suppliant attitude at his feet. At one end of the *cabane*, for the better display of manly and feminine forms, is erected a spring board, from which these strangely clothed beings, of either sex, are projected into the sea. Sometimes they take

"headers," sometimes they take "footers;" but the fairer portion of creation, unaccustomed to these athletic feats, is very apt to take that compromise between the two to which Etonians were in the habit of assigning uneuphonious name. It is fair to say that all these pastimes are not invariably conducted under the rough manipulation of the muscular French *baigneurs*. Ladies who are fastidious prefer that the male hand in whose guardianship they struggle with the waves shall be one with which they are not wholly unfamiliar. Such an arrangement may be correct, but it is not nearly so comfortable. Uninitiated males are much more apt to be upset by the waves themselves than to be able to give much assistance in the critical moment to their tottering charges. Husband and wife may often be seen entering the water affectionately hand-in-hand, and returning more speedily than they had intended, clutching each other in an involuntary embrace as they are tumbled over by some unusually large wave. Brothers, or even casual friends, are put to the same use by ladies who shrink from the *baigneur's* sinewy arm; and it is quite the proper thing for a lady to make an appointment with her male friends for a swimming party, always assuming that her accomplishments enable her to bear her part in it. But experienced bathers do not trust to such a frail support. It is no consolation to the fair one who is let go at the critical moment, and washed up by the surf in admired disorder, that the arm which played her false was a conjugal or fraternal limb. And after all, it is a pity, when you have gone so far, to distress yourself with any remnants of English decorum. When you have once persuaded yourself to run the ordeal of walking in the comical tights, into which your dress is converted by the water across a large open place, in presence of crowds of well-dressed gentlemen and ladies, any further display of fastidiousness is an unnecessary injury to your comfort.

Englishmen, at least, will never be very partial to this system of bathing. They gain nothing by it except the very questionable privilege of being allowed to swim about among their female friends, both parties disguised, *par ordre superieur*, in a dress of exquisite absurdity. Though all opportunities in which the sexes are allowed to mingle freely are of course valued by young men on their

promotion, still it can hardly be said that the French plan of bathing adds anything to their opportunities in that respect. It would hardly be possible to commence an eligible acquaintance in the sea, or to pursue a promising flirtation at the moment that both parties were wading out dripping wet upon the shingle. A neighboring *cabane* might give an opportunity for a Pyramus and Thisbe adventure, if unfortunately the *cabanes* of the two sexes were not generally kept apart. On the other hand, it is an utter destruction of the comfort of bathing. It is not bathing—it is only getting wet through in a rather elaborate manner. Moreover, it requires more courage than a good many English people of

either sex possess, to face an admiring assemblage of well-dressed and scrutinizing spectators in such a costume. But the fact that the system exists in France, and has been carefully arranged by the authorities as a model of decency and decorum according to their ideas, may teach us a lesson as to the conventional character of those terms, and the danger of censuring an apparent breach of them in the customs of other nations. It is difficult for an Englishman to conceive a method of proceeding less consistent with his ideas of strict decorum; and yet it is adopted by a people who unanimously agree to censure him for his outrageous disregard of decency in respect to the same subject-matter.

LIFE IN THE ATMOSPHERE.—At a recent meeting of the Academy of Sciences at Paris, Mr. James Samuelson, the founder of the *Popular Science Review*, read an account of his experiments, made for several years on the germs of animals and plants suspended in the atmosphere. In September, 1862, he obtained a great number of rags from all parts of the world, and thereby became possessed of the atmospheric dust of Alexandria, Japan, Melbourne, Tunis, Trieste, Peru, etc. On June 26, 1863, he sprinkled some of this dust on fine muslin in vases of distilled water exposed to the air. At the same time he exposed some pure distilled water under glasses, colored blue, red, and yellow. All the dust produced crowds of infusoria; and on the dust of Alexandria a new species was remarked. In each vase, for three or four days, a great increase in the amount of life took place, which afterwards gradually diminished. As long as the distilled water under the colored glasses remained covered, nothing lived in it; but the day after the glasses were removed and dust deposited in the vases a light sediment was perceived, formed of mineral and vegetable molecules, combined by a transparent pellicule, which gradually enlarged and became a multitude of monads. These animalcules soon became animated and peopled the water. From his various experiments Mr. Samuelson draws the following conclusions: 1. The atmosphere in all the great divisions of the world is more or less charged with representatives of the three kingdoms of nature, mineral, animal, and vegetable, with spores and germs of animalcules, and sometimes, but rarely, with germs of nematoid worms. 2. The infusoria comprise, in a great part, not only the obscure types, known as monads, vibriones, and bacteria, but also glaucoma, cyclydes, vorticella, etc. 3. The germs are found in the air in greater quantities in dry

weather than after much rain. 4. The tenacity of life of these germs is greater than is supposed by the partisans of the doctrine of spontaneous generation. This tenacity is especially remarkable in monads, vibriones, and bacteria, which sustain life under the most unfavorable circumstances. It is nearly impossible, Mr. Samuelson says, to assign the time after which revivification ceases, but when these animalcules are revived they are very sensitive of surrounding influences. Cold kills them, and the chemical rays of light are more favorable to their development than the calorific rays. The chemical rays do not produce infusoria by spontaneous generation; but by promoting the decomposition of the substances submitted to their action, they furnish to the already living germs the elements necessary for their existence and development.

A SCHEME on foot in America, the plans for which are being much discussed, is one for the preparation, by combined labor, of an absolutely complete catalogue of all the books that have been published in America to the present time. A collateral scheme is for a complete catalogue of all the books that have been published anywhere relating to America; and the laborer in this field furnishes what he believes were the first and the last items in such a catalogue at the date of his writing to wit: "COLUMBUS: Epistola Cristofori Colom., etc., MCCCXCIII.," and "UTLEY, H. S.: History of Slavery and Emancipation: Philadelphia (June 18), 1863."

A NEW edition of "The Friend," by Samuel Taylor Coleridge, in two volumes, will be published in September by Messrs. Moxon and Company.

From The Spectator.

MARIE ANTOINETTE'S NECKLACE.

CAMILLE DESMOULINS, being in the year 1792 reminded of an event which took place before the States-General were convoked in 1789, pointedly remarked, "Oh, that was before the deluge!" And truly enough, the French people invariably date their new state of existence from the great revolution which swept a whole world away, as it were, and gave birth to a renovated society. In spite of Thierry's researches and Tocqueville's arguments, to that powerful political convulsion they attribute whatever is grand in their country, whatever is weak in their organization. It may be well to read in school-books and novels of ancient kings and time-honored feuds; but, as far as the France of the nineteenth century is concerned, all these stories refer to the epoch "before the deluge." It was, therefore, with some degree of curiosity, not unmixed with bewildering amazement, that the civil tribunal of Paris had, a few days ago, to listen to the pleadings in a lawsuit which turned entirely on one of these antediluvian events. It sounded like a voice from the nether world, like an echo from the grave and the scaffold, this case in which some of the most far-famed names in history, be it for good or for evil, were handled by unfeeling barristers and shrewd attorneys. Queen Marie Antoinette, Cardinal de Rohan, the Duke d'Enghien, even Louis XVI., and the Congress of Vienna, not to speak of minor luminaries like Cagliostro, the Countess de Lamotte, and Mademoiselle d'Oliva, were mentioned in quite an off-hand manner by the glib tongues which are bent on making the law alternately clear or dim, according as it suits their purpose. And all that on account of a claim of two millions of francs set up by the heirs of Nicolas Gabriel Deville, Secretary of Louis XVI., against the heirs of Louis René Edouard de Rohan, Cardinal, Grand Almoner of France, Prince-Bishop of Strasbourg, Landgrave of Alsace, Prince of the German Empire, Abbot of St. Vaast, and, above all, the possessor of a princely fortune.

The whole trial revolved on the famous necklace affair, for which scandal did by no means spare poor Marie Antoinette, then the flighty and flirting queen of France. Among many other sins laid to her charge, and of which she may have been more or less guilty, she appears at all events to have been inno-

cent of that one, which, nevertheless, weighed heavily against her in the scale of popular prepossession. The story has been widely spread; Goethe has made it the subject of a drama (*Der Gross-Cophta*), and Alexandre Dumas has told it in his own anti-historical fashion. According to the French lawyers who were engaged in the case, and among whom we have to mention Cremieux, Emile Leroux, and Dufaure, the affair happened in the following manner:—

Cardinal de Rohan, who seems to have been deeply in love with his queen, had fallen into disgrace and was banished from the court. This happened in the year 1784, and he was then fifty-two years old. It was notorious that he could not bear quietly to submit to his fate, and a bold, intriguing woman, the Countess de Valois-Lamotte, the last descendant of an old line of kings, as she pretended, resolved to work on his weakness. Helped by Cagliostro, she convinced the worldly son of the Church that she was highly favored by the queen, and undertook to bring about a reconciliation. In the twilight a young Parisian prostitute, Mademoiselle d'Oliva, who had a slight resemblance to an Austrian archduchess, played the part of the French sovereign in the groves of Trianon. The cardinal received his pardon, was admitted to kiss the hand of her whom he took for his lovely queen, and rose from his knees intoxicated with pride and happiness. Madame de Lamotte understood to perfection how to take advantage of the silly vanity of Cardinal de Rohan; she asked him, in the name of Marie Antoinette, at first for a loan of 60,000 livres, and then for a second one of 100,000. But, not satisfied with that telling success, she resolved on striking a great blow. The court jewellers, Böhmer and Bassange, were in possession of a unique necklace, set in pearls and diamonds, and valued at 1,200,000 livres.

That splendid ornament had been originally destined by the lavish Louis XV. for Madame Dubarry. But the crowned profligate died in the interval, and the jewellers finished the set in the hope that the young queen who now ruled at Versailles might be induced to buy it. Marie Antoinette was willing enough to adorn her pretty person with the glittering collar, but still she shrank before the enormous expense, and said to Böhmer, "We want a ship more than a jewel." The goldsmiths began to despair of a bargain, when lo! the 24th

of January, 1785, four months after the Trionon comedy, Cardinal de Rohan came in person to inspect the priceless trinket. The foolish swain had been persuaded by Madame de Lamotte that the queen requested him to buy the necklace for her, and he took for genuine a badly forged signature, by which he was authorized to complete the purchase. In fine, he obtained the costly jewel for 1,600,000 livres, agreed on terms of payment, and delivered it to the clever trickster, who, of course, promised him to hand it to the enraptured spouse of Louis XVI.

It is matter of history that the necklace was broken into pieces, which were sold in Paris, in England, and in Holland. When the jewellers addressed a memorial to the king, the fraud which had been practised on them was immediately discovered, and poor Cardinal de Rohan was conveyed to the Bastille, together with the two plotting women, Lamotte and d'Olive, and with Cagliostro and some other accomplices. The *Grand Chambre* took up the affair, and put all the parties on their trial on the 31st of May, 1786. The cardinal, Cagliostro, and Mademoiselle d'Olive were acquitted. Count de Lamotte, the husband, was sentenced to be whipped, branded, and sent to the galleys for the remainder of his life, whilst his wife, the daughter of the Valois, received for punishment, "to be beaten and scourged with rods, having a rope around her neck, and whilst naked, then marked on the two shoulders with a hot iron in the form of the letter V., and finally to be conducted to the House of Correction attached to the Hospital de la Salpêtrière, and detained there forever."

The sentence was rigorously executed, and Madame de Lamotte terrified the public, and even the executioners, by her wild and almost unearthly shrieks. Among the curious documents which were read at the late civil lawsuit of which we are speaking, is the memoir referring to Cagliostro's share in the affair, and evidently written by himself. He not only exculpates himself with remarkable ability, but dwells also on the romantic incidents in his life, which he relates in the tone of a man who affects to believe in himself, and with an extraordinary knowledge of the art of "getting up" an intricate melodrama.

So far, almost every one may be assumed to be more or less acquainted with this strange affair; the late trial revealed likewise what

followed. The cardinal, when he was arrested in the king's Cabinet, sorrowfully exclaimed, "I have been deceived, sire; I ask pardon of your majesties, and am willing to pay for the necklace." And, indeed, he consented to give the jewellers an assignment of 1,919,892 livres on the revenue of his Abbey of Saint-Vaast, which produced 225,000 livres a year. The jewellers, who were indebted for more than a million to M. Deville, the king's Secretary, transferred the assignment to him. But, before the first instalment fell due, the *deluge* came over the world, Cardinal Rohan lost his ecclesiastical dignities and revenues, the court goldsmiths became bankrupts, and M. Deville never received a farthing. To-day, his heirs maintain that they have a claim on the heirs of Louis Réne Fdouard de Rohan. The poor prince of the Church, "cardinal by the grace of God and the authority of the Apostolic Holy See," as he styled himself, had fled before the flood as far as Ettenheim, a small town in Baden which belonged to him. He acknowledged, in an authenticated document, that the trial before the *Grande Chambre*, and "the general confusion and spoliation of all property, sad effects of the French Revolution, which deprived him of all his revenues derived from the bishopric of Strasbourg, his abbeys and all his church lands in France, have taken from him the means of paying." He died in 1803, instituting by a formal will as universal legatee the daughter of his cousin, the fair Princess Charlotte Louise Dorothee de Rohan-Rochefort, known for the deep love with which she inspired the unfortunate Duke d'Enghien, who dwelt with her at Ettenheim, where he was illegally kidnapped in 1804 by Bonaparte's gendarmes.

Before the unhappy prince was shot on the glacis of Vincennes he begged of one of his executioners to give the princess a ring, some of his hair, and a letter written in his last moments. On her side, she proved faithful to his memory, and remained unmarried to the day of her death, which took place in 1841. On account of her relation's insolvent state she had only accepted the cardinal's inheritance *sous bénéfice d'inventaire*, that is, on condition to pay no more debts than the estate would yield profits, and she bequeathed her fortune to Prince Armand Meridec Monthazon de Rohan-Rochefort, the father of the princes who were defendants in the case.

Among the landed property appertaining to the Cardinal Rohan was a small house built on the spot where Turenne fell, near Salzbach, and used as a dwelling-place by the keeper who had to watch over the monument erected to the memory of the great captain. In 1796 the house and the monument were destroyed, but they have been rebuilt since that time.

Leaving these startling historical *souvenirs* for the actual facts of the legal action, we may shortly record that the heirs and assignees of Secretary Deville contended that Princess Charlotte had been very negligent in business matters, and had omitted to pursue

the payment of several debts, and that, therefore, her heirs were not entitled to the privilege of the *bénéfice d'inventaire*, but ought to be bound to pay two millions, forming the capital and interest of the original debt. But the tribunal decided against them, declaring that the Princes de Rohan-Rochefort have a right to repudiate the bond given by the cardinal, because he did not leave sufficient money to redeem it. The judgment adds, it is true, that the debt was legitimately due by Madame Lamotte's dupe; but that appears a poor compensation for two millions of francs.

THE *American Publishers' Circular and Literary Gazette* (Philadelphia) thus speaks of the swarms of publications in America called forth by the war: "It will be interesting to the future bibliographer to note how much of the campaigning of our civil war has been conducted by books and pamphlets. The number of publications of the latter class is beginning to be, as Dominie Sampson was wont to say, 'prodigious.' There are pamphlets upon the whole subject, and pamphlets upon special topics; pamphlets upon the politics, pamphlets upon the law, and pamphlets upon the gospel, of the controversy; pamphlets little and big themselves, and by authors big and little, of no name and of famous name. The collecting and vending of these pamphlets, like the dealing in Congressional documents here, or in blue-books in England, have become a new branch of business." A register of the war-publications hitherto issued has appeared under the title of "Bibliography of the War." Nine parts of this register have been published; and the items in the ninth part alone, published July 1, are 191. The *American Publishers' Circular*, in view of the fact that such pamphlets become valuable historically after a time, recommends that the collection and preservation of them should not be left to the chance taste of individuals, but should be undertaken by some one in the trade.

THE third edition of "An Historical Research respecting the Opinions of the Founders of the American Republic on Negroes as Slaves, as Citizens, and as Soldiers, read before the Massachusetts Historical Society, Aug. 14, 1862, by George Livermore," has just been published in Boston. The first edition was for private distribution only; the second was in the form of a paper among the proceedings of the Massachusetts Historical Society; the present is for gen-

eral circulation. It is a handsome pamphlet of two hundred pages, and the American papers speak of it as important.

A NEW and revised edition of Dr. Daniel Wilson's "Prehistoric Annals of Scotland," a standard work, which won the regard of Hallam, is, we understand, in course of preparation. The author, who is now over from Canada on a visit to this country, is probably using his opportunities for collecting fresh matter for the work.

AN American author, Mr. Lossing, living at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., is to write a large history of the present American war, as soon as it is over, and is making vast and miscellaneous collections for the work.

A NEW edition of Mrs. Cowden Clarke's revision of Shakspeare's text is announced for publication in a single octavo volume. At the same time a revised reprint will appear of the American edition, with introduction, notes, and glossary, in four volumes octavo, upon which both Mr. and Mrs. Clarke have for some time been engaged.

SIR LASCELLES WRAXALL is about to publish a "Life of Caroline Matilda, Queen of Denmark," from family papers in his possession, probably collected by his grandfather, Nathaniel Wraxall.

MR. ADAM BLACK is devoting his leisure to the study of the law of copyright as regards both literature and art, previously to bringing forward a bill on the subject after the meeting of Parliament.

From The Saturday Review.
ANNEXATIONS.

In looking over the map of Europe, and in looking more especially at those parts of it whence we hear the cry of "oppressed nationalities," we soon meet with facts which speedily upset almost any theory that can be put forward. In one place, we see artificial states formed by the union of several races or portions of several races; in another, we see countries where union seems required, and not forbidden by geography, still divided between several independent powers. There is not one among the greater powers which exactly coincides with any strict ethnological division, nor are there many among the smaller ones which do so. These are palpable facts, in asserting which we are asserting nothing new. Nor is there more of novelty when we add that it does not do to lay down any sweeping general rule affirming that all political arrangements which contradict the great theory of race are in themselves unjust and ought at once to be altered. We have often tried to show that race, though an important element, is only one element among several in the formation of that corporate being—much more easy to know when we see it than to define—which we call a nation. The truth is, that community of blood on a large scale works very much like community of blood on a small scale. A man's kinsfolk by blood are not necessarily the persons in whose company he takes most pleasure, or with whom he has the greatest number of interests in common. A man may greatly prefer a friend who has no known common ancestor to his first cousin, or even to his brother. But, nevertheless, kindred counts for a great deal in common life. It does not ensure either affection or community of taste; but it goes a good way towards producing the one, and towards sometimes producing, sometimes supplying the want of, the other. Community of blood, and still more community of early associations, gives a man a start. It makes it more easy to form a real friendship, if there are any materials for real friendship, and it makes it more easy to get on with him on kindly and familiar terms though there be no real friendship in the case. A man has, after all, a feeling for one of his own blood which he has not for a stranger of whom he thinks far more highly, and in whose company he takes much more pleasure. The tie is a real tie,

and a very strong one; yet it is not so strong but that, under some circumstances, other ties may prove stronger. So it is with community of blood on a great scale. Here, too, community of blood gives a start. The presumption is in its favor. The tie of blood forms a nation more readily than any other tie. Still it is not so strong but that other ties may sometimes prove stronger. Religious, political, or geographical circumstances may outweigh the community of blood; they may turn strangers into countrymen, and countrymen into strangers. If, then, people of the same blood and tongue are divided, or people different in blood and tongue are brought together, it does not at all follow that the existing arrangement is one to be condemned off-hand. But before we can say whether it is good or bad, we must look much more narrowly both into the present circumstances and the past history of each particular case.

And here, again, we must give the universal caution against rashly judging either the past by the present, or the present by the past. An arrangement, whether of union or division, which was thoroughly unjust and inexpedient when it took place, may have so turned out as now to be the best arrangement possible. It constantly happens that, though it may not be the best arrangement possible, yet it turns out so well that to meddle with it now would do more harm than to leave it alone. So, again, an arrangement which every one wants to get rid of now may have had thoroughly good reasons for it at the time when it was made. We must avoid both the dead conservatism which would defend everything now because it may have served a useful purpose some ages back, and the shallow pseudo-liberalism which at once despises the past because some of its institutions and arrangements are now a good deal the worse for wear.

Thus, among the successive annexations made by France, a large portion, in all ages, have been made in defiance of all existing rights either of princes or people. They have often been made distinctly against the will of the inhabitants of the annexed provinces, to the great injury of other powers, and to the general danger and disturbance of Europe. Among the countless acquisitions of territory by France, there have not been above two or three, from the seizure of Lyons to the seiz-

ure of Savoy, which we should hesitate to set down as distinctly unjust. And even the incorporation of fiefs within the kingdom, as Normandy, Languedoc, and the Duchy of Burgundy, has constantly been the result of practices hardly easier to defend than the external aggressions of the Parisian kings upon the princes and cities of the empire. And French annexations have at all times been made more odious by the systematic hypocrisy by which they have been accompanied—the boasts, the fallacies, the sophisms, the rubbish about “ideas” and such like, which make the brute force of Russia, Austria, or even Turkey, seem comparatively respectable. Yet the annexations of France are just the last which any prudent politician would propose to meddle with. The seizure of Savoy and Nice is so recent that that wrong might possibly, under some strangely favorable circumstance, be undone; but the state of the world must alter wonderfully indeed before there is any chance of the recovery of Marseilles, Besançon, Nancy, or Valenciennes. Mankind may rather think themselves lucky if they can still save Genoa and Bern and Aachen and Mechlin, alike from the occupation of Parisian garrisons and from the perversions of Parisian tongues. To undo some of the wrongs done by Russia or Austria does not seem wholly hopeless; but to undo any of the evil deeds of France, from Philip the Fair to Louis Napoleon Buonaparte, seems beyond all human power. Nor is this merely because France is a great power with which it might be dangerous to meddle. France would be able to bring forward a sort of right on her side if any one were to propose the separation of French Flanders or of Franche Comté. She would have something to say which Russia and Austria have not to say on behalf of their possession of Poland or of Venetia. Unjust and violent as was the original acquisition, France has never kept her conquests in the position of dependent or subject provinces. They have been fairly incorporated with the kingdom, and have fared well or ill as the rest of France have fared well or ill. The conquests of France have not, like the conquests of some other powers, proved sources of weakness, but sources of strength. So much the worse for the rest of the world when the strength of the aggressor is thus increased; but still some praise is due to a conquering power which contrives

thus to identify the conquered with its own people.

It is plain, at the first glance, that no incorporation of this kind has taken place with the conquests of the Ottomans, or with the various countries which Austria has annexed, more commonly by marriage or treaty than by actual conquest. It is equally plain that among the conquests of Russia examples may be found of both classes. The Ottomans still remain an army of occupation among conquered nations. They have failed to amalgamate any one of the European nations whom they have subdued. Even the Albanians, who have so largely embraced the religion of the conquerors, have still preserved their own nationality. And this is the more to be noticed because, though the Ottomans have not amalgamated a single nation as a nation, they have amalgamated countless individuals of all the conquered nations. During the great days of the Ottoman Empire, the choicest troops of the Sultan were the tribute children, and renegade Christians enjoyed a decided preference for all the highest posts of the State. This or that Turk is as likely as not to be by descent a Greek, a Slave, or even a Western European. But this sort of incorporation, though it has taken place on an enormous scale, has still been only an incorporation of individuals. Not one province has been really incorporated in the way that the conquests of France have been incorporated. So with Austria, where there has been no such difference of religion and manners as has separated the Ottomans from their Christian subjects. Hungary is not a conquered country, unless we date its conquest from 1849; and we may say the same of Venetia. But Venetia will have nothing willingly to say to an Austrian sovereign in any shape. Hungary may perhaps receive Francis Joseph as King of Hungary, but it will have nothing to say to an “Austrian Empire” and its “Reichsrath.” As for the conquests of Russia, the condition of Poland speaks for itself, but we hear of no disaffection in the German provinces on the Baltic. It is said that an anti-Russian feeling has lately shown itself in Finland; if this be the case, it would be worth finding out how far the native Fins and the Swedish population think alike. Here, then, are some rather puzzling questions. Why can France really incorporate her acquisitions, while Austria

can only hold hers as subject dependencies? Why does Russia sometimes succeed and sometimes fail in incorporating hers? We may perhaps, by going through all the particular cases, find something like a general principle; but it must be laid down with great caution, and we must be prepared to meet with many paradoxes and exceptions.

In attempting to lay down any rule of the kind we must, in each case, examine and make allowance for the peculiar circumstances of each annexation, and the religious, geographical, and political position of the different powers concerned. The Turks incorporate individuals, but do not incorporate whole provinces, for the simple reason of the utter difference of their religious, moral, and political system. Whoever among the conquered will embrace Islam becomes the equal of the conquerors; whoever refuses to embrace Islam remains their subject. Now, though countless individuals of all nations have been guilty of apostasy, no one nation, as a nation, has apostatized. Therefore the nations remain distinct and subject, while particular men among them enter the ranks of the ruling people. We need not look any further for the inability of the Ottomans to incorporate. But the different fate of French, Russian, and Austrian annexations calls for a little more thought. The idea which they suggest is this, that it is easy to annex a province, but very difficult to annex a nation. When a people has acquired the full position of a nation, with a distinct language, an independent government, a place of its own in the history and politics of Europe, it would seem that nothing but brute force can hold it down in subjection to another nation. Hungary, for instance, is a distinct nation—an ancient kingdom, once free and powerful, with its own language, its own history, its own subject dependencies.

Such a nation will never, of its own free will, sink into the condition of a province of an alien power. Its people will continue to despise every offer of new and improved Austrian constitutions; what they want is the observance of their own ancient Hungarian constitution. Francis Joseph may be King of Hungary if he pleases, but the Hungarians will have nothing to say to him as "Emperor" of Austria. Now France has never annexed a nation in this way at one gulp. When the first Buonaparte tried

to do so, he found that it did not answer. France has indeed swallowed up nearly all the people of the old Provençal speech, but happily she has not swallowed up quite all of them, and the people of the Provençal speech never formed a distinct nation as the Hungarians did. They were cut up into countless small states—some of them fiefs of France, some of the empire. These France has swallowed up one by one, except those which still retain their freedom as members of the Swiss Confederation. But it is one by one that they have been swallowed up—now a county, now a city, but never anything to be called a nation. So with her acquisitions from Germany and the Netherlands; they have been conquests of provinces, not conquests of nations. A province like Languedoc or Elsass, a city like Lyons or Strasburg, may be seized against its own will, but it is not likely to retain its unwillingness so long as a really independent nation. The Duchies, Bishoprics, and Free Cities were, in one sense, sovereign states; but they were not nations. They were, even formally, parts of a greater whole, vassals either of the Empire or of the Crown of France itself. But the Kingdom of Hungary recognized no earthly superior; it was in every way as distinct a nation as France was. Thus the conquests of France, placed from the first on an equality with the elder provinces, and having perhaps, in some cases, practically little to lose by their conquest, gradually acquiesced in their position, and are now probably as truly French as Paris or Orleans.

When the annexation is made by a State of the same race and speech, as when a small German principality is added to Prussia or Bavaria, the power of amalgamation is, of course, easier still. By comparing these two classes, we may perhaps find the key to the disaffection of Poland, and to what, in the absence of evidence to the contrary, we may assume to be the loyalty of Livonia. Livonia lost nothing by being conquered by Russia. It was no nation, but a province, and a very unlucky province. A Finnish people, with a German ruling class, had been tossed backwards and forwards between the knights swordbearers, the local bishops, and the kings of Denmark, Sweden, and Poland. For such a province it was really a gain to sit down quietly under the dominion of Russia,

with the vast Russian Empire open to them, and, as its most civilized portion, with great practical advantages over its other inhabitants. But Poland suffered all the wrongs of Hungary, and many more wrongs. Hungary was not conquered as Poland was; it has been rather cheated than beaten out of its independence. And, at any rate, it was not cut up alive—not partitioned, but annexed whole. It would be open to Francis Joseph, if he pleased, to reign as King of Hungary, over what is really the greatest portion of his dominions, and to make Austria the dependency instead of Hungary. Alexander could not thus make himself King of Poland. The really Russian part of his dominions could not be made subordinate to the Polish, and there would still be the Prussian and Austrian stealings to get back again. So with Venetia; if there were no free Italy adjoining it, good government might make it acquiesce as readily as Wales acquiesces in incorporation with England, or Brittany in incorporation with France. The case is different even from the German acquisitions of France. Their neighbors were not a single free kingdom, but other provinces like themselves. The most liberal offers will be wasted on Venetia just as much as upon Hungary; it will not willingly send members to a "Reichsrath" at Vienna, when an Italian Parliament sits at Turin, or even at Naples.

Even within our own country we may see something like the operation of the same law. The national independence of Wales, at any time for the last thousand years, has been a mere chimera; and for three hundred years past Wales has enjoyed complete equality with the rest of the kingdom. The retention of a distinct language has, therefore, not been enough to hinder a practical incorporation. But though, in the present state of Europe, Ireland could not exist as a separate power, yet the national independence of Ireland is

not the same manifest absurdity as the national independence of Wales. Its size, its insular position, the local independence which it still partially possesses, the real wrongs of the past and the imaginary wrongs of the present, all combine to make the incorporation of Ireland far less perfect than the incorporation of Wales. Scotland, which really had become an independent nation, still remains such. The Union is practically not an incorporation, but a very close alliance, from which the smaller party reaps quite as much advantage as the larger. The connection of Sweden and Norway, which has turned out so eminently prosperous, is not a case of annexation, but rather of Federal union.

We have said that we must not judge of what is right or expedient in one age by its causes or its effects in another. The Union just spoken of was the result of a wicked conspiracy against Norwegian independence; but fortunate circumstances have made it turn out well. We may doubt whether Vaud gained much by being transferred from the dominion of the Dukes of Savoy to that of the Patricians of Bern. We may doubt whether Chablais lost much when it was handed back again from Bern to Savoy. The rule of a native despot was probably not more oppressive than that of a foreign oligarchy, and it was far less degrading to national feeling. But mark the final results. The conquests which Bern retained now form one of the freest and happiest regions in the world; the conquests which Bern lost have sunk into the common bondage of their neighbors. Had the Bear kept as firm a grasp on the Southern as on the Northern side of the Lake, Europe would not have had to look on in vain indignation at the latest—in Europe at least—of Parisian annexations, nor should we have to tremble lest Geneva should one day share the fate of Lyons and Arles and Besançon and Chambéry.

From The Reader.

SINCE 1848.

PERHAPS it is because so few among us are old enough to have any recollections of that stormy period of the world's history which elapsed between 1789 and 1815, and most of us are only old enough to have gathered our first notions of the rate of human affairs from the somewhat quiet and jog-trot period between 1815 and 1848, called by Miss Martineau "The Thirty Years' Peace," that so many of us have formed the opinion that this last year, 1848, was the beginning of an era of unusually disturbed equilibrium, in the tumult of which we still find ourselves. A Brougham or a Palmerston might laugh at the fancy, and, remembering the days of *their* youth, when all the earth reeled, and it seemed as if the Titans and the gods were again at war, might pity the greenness of a younger generation for seeing anything so particular in the year '48, or in all the hurly-burly that has followed. "Call this a storm?" a very ancient mariner might say to a young one expressing his feelings on his first experience of some tolerable rage of the elements round his ship. "Bless your heart, you should have been with me in my voyage round Cape Horn in the year, —!" But we can't all be Broughams or Palmerstons; and, without prejudice to the claims of any previous period of the history of the world to a character for superior storminess, we take the liberty of thinking that the last fifteen years have been, on any reckoning, a time of more than average human commotion. We think that 1848 *was* a rather particular year, and that it will have to be marked as such, if history is minutely conscientious, in the records of humanity. If there are such things as belts of space charged with some element or ether having a stimulating or irritating property upon the collective human nerve, then we conceive that, about the year 1848, the earth, and perhaps the system to which it belongs, plunged into such a belt, and that we are still, after fifteen years, voyaging through it. Things have been more out of equilibrium since '48, things have gone on at a faster rate, than in most previous periods to which written narrative can carry us back. In the first place, the fifteen years since 1848 have been a period of unusual *political* irritability all the world over. There has been a ferment among the nations. Since the day

when Louis Philippe was flung forth from France, and, going down the Strand, one read in large letters on placards outside the newspaper-shops the thrilling words, "Abdication of Louis Philippe," one has been thrilled and thrilled by bits of sudden sensation intelligence from all parts of the world till one has ceased to be capable of astonishment. There came first a spatter of revolutions all over the Continent; then there came what was called the Reaction, with the Hungarian and Italian wars, in the latter of which the Papacy was unfixed from its Roman roots; then there came the new Napoleonic empire, with its new impulses and developments, including the Crimean war, the French war against Austria, and the resuscitation of Northern Italy. Up springs a Garibaldi; and there is an end to the Kingdom of Naples, and the Italian peninsula becomes one European power, with an impeding ligament in the middle, and an unreclaimed bit of itself on the north-east, still possessed by Austria. Meanwhile, in other parts of the earth—in China, in India, and everywhere else—there have been vehement outbreaks of the same irritability. A restlessness has seized the nations. Hardly a region in which there has not been some insurrection, some vast disturbance of the equilibrium, some heaving towards a new order, some war of nationalities or races. If there has been a lull, it has been but for a brief time, and we have listened, as it were, all round,—to the north, to the south, to the east and to the west,—uncertain where the irritability might next break out. Lo! ere we are aware of it, the irritability breaks out in America. The great Republic, which was supposed to be independent of the rest of the earth, and to hold all the Old World influences in quarantine, shows that it has caught the general terrestrial contagion, falls asunder in a manner of its own, and exhibits battles and carnages on a scale to match its rivers and its notions of territory. Hardly is Europe appalled by this phenomenon when, again, in her own body, there is a central convulsion radiating strife. Poland is up in arms against Russia; the agitation extends to all the fragments of the Slavonic race, so that Prussia, Austria, and Turkey feel themselves concerned; and, over the body of a divided Germany, dubious what to do, France is gazing eagerly at the turmoil, passionate for a war for Poland, if Britain would but go

along with her. A new European war seems a very close possibility; and perhaps the last and most pregnant rumor is that, in that case, it may come to be a war of cross-purposes involving both hemispheres—Federal America making common cause with Russia against allied European powers of the West. The rumor may be but a rumor; but it is a pregnant one, and points to an historical possibility. Anyhow, we are moving on into a period so charged, on every hand, with the elements of change and disturbance, that even Britain begins to foresee that it may be difficult for her to preserve her peaceful isolation, and begins even to wonder whether, after all, her Volunteer movement may not have been a providential presentiment, and a time may not be coming when the puffs of white smoke along her coast-line shall have a real and terrible meaning. In the view of what is passing and of what is approaching, all the ideas of our former political philosophy seem inadequate and powerless. A while ago it was perhaps the most advanced theory that the world had outlived the agency of war, and was to get on with less and less of it; and, lo! now the agency of war is more terribly in favor than ever, and, in America, the very prophets of peace are zealots of the rifle.

But it is not only in the political order of things that the world since 1848 seems to have passed into an era of quickened pulsation. It is perhaps the case that times of extraordinary political movement, of events which are called momentous, are also always times of increased mental energy, and that, indeed, rapid vicissitudes in the material order of the world, and correspondingly rapid variations in the world's ideas and modes of thought, go necessarily together. Certain it is that the last fifteen years have been a period of extraordinary intellectual, no less than extraordinary political, activity. It is not implied, of course, that the year 1848 itself originated or gave birth to much or aught of what we now conveniently trace back to it. There is no such break in the continuity of history; whatever comes to pass has been brewing long before. But a great deal that is extraordinary in matters of invention and intellectual speculation does seem, with some due allowance, to date from that year of the sudden sputter of European revolutions and the total disturbance of the equilibrium of 1815. That vast

progress of mechanical and engineering invention, to which we have sung hosannahs so long that all of us, except omnibus-drivers and International Exhibitionists, nauseate the very theme—this, indeed, is not to be credited to the last fifteen years, but, so far as any period may have the special credit of it, to the entire past century. But even of this progress some of the most startling developments have been quite recent. One of the most singular and significant phenomena of our time is that which you cannot but see every day as you pass along any of the great thoroughfares in any of our great cities, if you chance to look aloft—the lines and ganglia of telegraphic wires crossing and recrossing the streets from chimney-top to chimney-top in all directions. Over Regent Circus, in Oxford Street, they are beginning to have the appearance of a cobweb. And what are these lines and wires thus traversing the earth, with cities for their centres of convergence and divergence, but new nerves for humanity—filaments of sensation and intelligence—added to the structure of the collective social organism within the very period in which we now live? Passing Regent Circus, and looking at the cobweb overhead, we find ourselves instinctively thinking of the year '48. But from that year, at all events, may be dated a suddenly-increased publicity of certain trains of ideas more purely speculative, and a wondrously accelerated rate of speculative research and discovery. Who, save perhaps a student, ever heard of Socialism or Socialistic Philosophy before '48, unless it were as of some monstrous thing hatched in the Seven Dials? And yet the immediate effect of the Parisian Revolution of 1848 was to let loose a deluge of socialistic phrases and notions into the popular mind of Europe; and, though, after a little, the propagandism died out, yet it has left a deposit or sediment of ideas still active everywhere, and forming the real strength of that resistance which the now dominant political philosophy meets with when it proclaims individual liberty as the first principle of society, and all functions of government, save for the protection of such liberty, vicious and invalid. But pass into other, and more abstract or more scientific regions of speculation. What of Darwin's theory of natural selection—a theory which, "when fully enunciated," to use the words of Sir Wil-

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liam Armstrong in referring to it this week in his opening address to the British Association at Newcastle, "founds the pedigree of living nature upon the most elementary forms of vitalized matter," and then, perhaps, accounts for even these forms by imagining their evolution from prior inorganic nature? And what of Lyell's connected speculation as to the antiquity of the earth and of the human species? In every age, indeed, there have been revolutionary speculations—heresies from all previous thought; but there are revolutionary speculations which are *very* revolutionary, heresies which burst the walls of the mind; and these speculations of our own epoch are of this extreme nature. They are such, so far as we can see, as no previous epoch was exercised with, and as cannot be adopted without reacting upon the entire mode of thought about all things whatsoever, and changing the whole mental horizon. There are, moreover, cognate speculations of our epoch, less liable to be regarded as heterodox, but hardly less revolutionary. Connect, for example, that great speculation of recent physical science as to the Indestructibility of Force, the Correlation of Forces, the Presentability of Heat as Motion, and of Motion as Heat, etc., with the still more recent investigations, through spectrum-analysis and otherwise, into the constitution of the Sun. Read the following remarkable passage from Sir William Armstrong's Newcastle address:—

"Of all the results which science has produced within the last few years, none has been more unexpected than that by which we are enabled to test the materials of which the sun is made, and prove their identity, in part at least, with those of our planet. The spectrum experiments of Bunsen and Kirchhoff have not only shown all this, but they have also corroborated previous conjectures as to the luminous envelope of the sun. I have still to advert to Mr. Nasmyth's remarkable discovery, that the bright surface of the sun is composed of an aggregation of apparently solid forms, shaped like willow-leaves or some well-known forms of Diatomaceæ, and interlacing one another in every direction. The forms are so regular in size and shape, as to have led to a suggestion from one of our profoundest philosophers of their being organisms, possibly even partaking of the nature of life, but, at all events, closely connected with the heating and vivifying influences of the sun. These myste-

rious objects, which, since Mr. Nasmyth discovered them, have been seen by other observers as well, are computed to be each not less than 1,000 miles in length, and about 100 miles in breadth. The enormous chasms in the sun's photosphere, to which we apply the diminutive term 'spots,' exhibit the extremities of these leaf-like bodies pointing inwards, and fringing the sides of the cavern far down into the abyss. Sometimes they form a sort of rope or bridge across the chasm, and appear to adhere to one another by lateral attraction. I can imagine nothing more deserving of the scrutiny of observers than these extraordinary forms. The sympathy also which appears to exist between forces operating in the sun and magnetic forces belonging to the earth merits a continuance of that close attention which it has already received from the British Association, and of labors such as General Sabine has with so much ability and effect devoted to the elucidation of the subject. I may here notice that most remarkable phenomenon which was seen by independent observers at two different places on the 1st of September, 1859. A sudden outburst of light, far exceeding the brightness of the sun's surface, was seen to take place, and sweep like a drifting cloud over a portion of the solar face. This was attended with magnetic disturbances of unusual intensity and with exhibitions of aurora of extraordinary brilliancy. The identical instant at which the effusion of light was observed was recorded by an abrupt and strongly marked deflection in the self-registering instruments at Kew. The phenomenon as seen was probably only part of what actually took place: for the magnetic storm in the midst of which it occurred commenced before and continued after the event. If conjecture be allowable in such a case, we may suppose that this remarkable event had some connection with the means by which the sun's heat is renovated. It is a reasonable supposition that the sun was at that time in the act of receiving a more than usual accession of new energy; and the theory which assigns the maintenance of its power to cosmical matter plunging into it with that prodigious velocity which gravitation would impress upon it as it approached to actual contact with the solar orb, would afford an explanation of this sudden exhibition of intensified light in harmony with the knowledge we have now attained that arrested motion is represented by equivalent heat."

Sir William does not here state the whole speculation; and, indeed, it takes different forms in different minds, and does not admit as yet of any one consistent statement. Gen-

erally, however, the speculation is this, that the sun is the sustaining body of the solar system, and that it is on the radiation of the energy stored up in it, that all the other bodies of the solar system, our own earth included, depend—that this energy is radiated as heat, light, and what-not, which are transmuted into other forms (the very coal-beds of our earth being but accumulated power from the sun); and so that, were the sun to fail, the entire solar system must starve and collapse. But, according to some, the sun is failing; endless radiation of his power into space is telling even upon him, and the universe will find it out one day. Those reinforcements of his energy by the absorption of comets or other cosmical bodies to which Sir William Armstrong refers, are, according to the calculation of Professor Thomson, by no means an equivalent for his expenditure; the balance is continually dwindling; and the rate of loss is such that, in about eight hundred millions of years, unless for some reserve unknown as yet, the sun will have cooled to a kind of cinder, and become incapable, if the conditions of life are the same as now, of continuing to sustain his dependent orbs. A vastly remote speculation this, it may seem, for all practical purposes; but, as a speculation, immediately important in this respect, that it can enter

no mind, and no modification of it can enter any mind, without affecting every jot and tittle about everything whatever that that mind thinks. And these and such like speculations are, the very breath of the epoch. It is, doubtless, to their subtle and diffused action disturbing and disintegrating old modes of thought, as much as to any mere keenness of biblical scholarship or historical criticism, that we are to attribute those new forms of theological scepticism which are also to be remarked as among the peculiar manifestations of our time.

Altogether, it seems probable that we have a stirring quarter of a century before us. The fast rate of events in the political world will probably still continue; and the momentous speculations now in progress will proceed farther and farther, and interconnect themselves more and more, and generate all kinds of extensions and applications and modifications. Perhaps even out of the very rapidity and whirl of their development there may come, sooner than might be expected, some counterblast to that spirit of enthusiastic Materialism which at first sight they seem calculated to cherish, and which is certainly for the moment all-prevailing. Meanwhile, the literature of our age, and, above all, the poetry, keeps no pace with the speculative activity.

A PROPHECY IN JEST.—Perhaps the following may be of interest. It is taken from Dr. Somerville's *My Own Life and Times* (Edmonston and Douglas):—

"Burke said that 'he would not be surprised at the defection of some of the colonies from the Union.' I believe he mentioned the Southern States. Their Constitution was not then settled, and the Democratic party threatened to overpower the interests of the Federalists, to whom he gave full credit for wisdom and patriotism."
—*Notes and Queries.*

MISS COBBE, in an article on "The Humor of Various Nations," in the July number of the *Victoria Magazine*, tells the following story of an Irish definition of a miracle: "A priest, in Ireland, having preached a sermon on miracles, was asked by one of his congregation, walking homewards, to explain a little more lucidly 'what a miracle meant.' 'Is it a merakle you want to

understand?' said the priest. 'Walk on, then, forninst me, and I think how I can explain it to you.' The man walked on, and the priest came after him and gave him a tremendous kick. 'Ugh!' roared the sufferer, 'why did you do that?' 'Did you feel it?' asked the priest. 'To be sure I did,' replied the man. 'Well, then, it would have been a merakle if you had not,' returned the priest."—*Reader.*

An anonymous MS., preserved at Poitiers, has recently formed the subject of long discussions at the Société Antiquaire de l'Ouest. It contains, among other valuable documents, four unedited letters by Rousseau, three by Voltaire, several by Robinet, author of the "*Livre de la Nature*," and by the Abbé Yoon, one of the editors of the "*Encyclopédie*," and, finally, several letters by the Marquis d'Argenson, which prove that, from 1765 to 1775, his chateau at Ormes was one of the most prominent haunts of the leaders of the philosophical and critical movements of the time.

From Punch, 5. Sept.

ENGLAND'S NEUTRALITY.

A PARLIAMENTARY DEBATE, WITH NOTES, BY A CONFEDERATE REPORTER.

ALL ye who with credulity the whispers hear of fancy,
Or yet pursue with eagerness hope's wild extravagancy,
Who dream that England soon will drop her long miscalled Neutrality,
And give us with a hearty shake the hands of nationality;

Read, while we give, with little fault of statement or omission,
The next debate in Parliament on Southern Recognition;
They're all so much alike, indeed, that one can write it off, I see,
As truly as the *Times* Report without the gift of prophecy.

Not yet, not yet to interfere does England see occasion,
But treats our good commissioner with coolness and evasion;
Such coolness in the premises that really 'tis refrigerant
To think that two long years ago she called us a belligerent.

But further Downing Street is dumb, the premier deaf to reason—
As deaf as is the *Morning Post*, both in and out of season;
The working men of Lancashire are all reduced to beggary,
And yet they will not listen unto Roebuck or to Gregory:

"Or any other man" to-day who counsels interfering,
While all who speak on t'other side obtain a ready hearing;
As, *par exemple*, Mr. Bright, that pink of all propriety,
That meek and mild disciple of that blessed Peace Society.

"Why, let 'em fight," says Mr. Bright; "these Southerners, I hate 'em,
And hope the Black Republicans will soon exterminate 'em;
If Freedom can't Rebellion crush, pray tell me what's the use of her?"
And so he chuckles o'er the fray as cheerfully as Lucifer.

Enough of him—an abler man demands our close attention,
The Maximus Apollo of strict *Non-Intervention*;
With pitiless severity, though decorous and calm his tone,
Thus speaks the "old man eloquent," the puissant Earl of Palmerston:

THIRD SERIES. LIVING AGE.

1086

"What though the land run red with blood,
what though the lurid flashes
Of cannon light, at dead of night, a mournful heap of ashes,
Where many an ancient mansion stood—what though the robber pillages
That sacred home, the house of God, in twice a hundred villages—

"What though a fiendish, nameless wrong, that makes revenge a duty,
Is daily done" (O Lord, how long?) "to tenderness and beauty?"
(And who shall tell, this deed of hell, how deadlier far a curse it is
Than even pulling temples down and burning universities?)

"Let Arts decay, let millions fall, for aye let Freedom perish,
With all that in the Western world men fain would love and cherish,
Let Universal Ruin there become a sad reality,
We cannot swerve, we must preserve our rigorous neutrality."

O Pam! O Pam! hast ever read what's writ in holy pages,
How Blessed the Peace-Makers are, God's children of the ages—
Perhaps you think the promise sweet was nothing: but a platitude,
'Tis clear that *you* have no concern in that Divine beatitude.

But "hear! hear! hear!" another peer, that mighty man of muscle,
Is on his legs, a hearing begs, the noble Earl of Russell;
Thus might he speak, did not of speech his shrewd reserve the folly see,
And thus unfold the subtle plan of England's secret policy:

"John Bright was right; yes, let 'em fight, these fools across the water,
'Tis no affair at all of ours, their Carnival of slaughter;
The Christian world, indeed, may say we ought not to allow it, sirs;
But still 'tis music in our ears, this roar of Yankee howitzers.

"A word or two of sympathy, that costs us not a penny,
We give the gallant Southerners, a few against the many;
We say their noble fortitude of final triumph presages,
And praise in *Blackwood's Magazine* Jeff Davis and his Messages—

"Of course we claim the shining fame of glorious Stonewall Jackson,
Who typifies the English race, a sterling Anglo-Saxon;
To bravest song his deeds belong, to Clio and Melpomene"
(And why not for a British stream demand the Chickahominy);

"But for the cause in which he fell we cannot
lift a finger,
'Tis idle on the question any longer here to
linger ;
'Tis true the South has freely bled, her sorrows
are Homeric, oh,
Her case is like to his of old who journeyed unto
Jericho—

"The thieves have stripped and bruised, although
as yet they have not bound her,
We'd like to see her slay 'em all to right and
left around her,
We shouldn't cry in Parliament if Lee should
cross the Raritan,
But England never yet was known to play the
Good Samaritan.

"And so we pass the other side, and leave them
to their glory,
To give new proofs of manliness, new scenes for
song and story :
These honeyed words of compliment may possibly
bamboozle 'em,
But ere we intervene, you know, we'll see 'em
in — Jerusalem.

"Yes, let 'em fight till both are brought to
hopeless desolation,
Till wolves troop round the cottage door in one
and t'other nation ;
Till, worn and broken down, the South shall
no more refractory,
And rust eats up the silent looms in every Yan-
kee factory :

"Till bursts no more the cotton boll o'er fields
of Carolina,
And fills with snowy flosses the dusky hands of
Dinah ;
Till war has dealt its final blow and Mr. Seward's
knavery
Has put an end in all the land to Freedom and
to Slavery.

"The grim Bastile, the rack, the wheel, without
remorse or pity,
May flourish with the guillotine in every Yankee
city,
No matter should Old Abe revive the brazen bull
of Phalaris,
'Tis no concern at all of ours," (*Sensation in
the galleries*)—

"So shall our 'Merry England' thrive on trans-
atlantic troubles,
While India on her distant plains her crop of
cotton doubles ;
And so as long as North or South shall show the
least vitality,
We cannot swerve, we must preserve our rigor-
ous neutrality."

—Your speech, my lord, might well become a
Saxon legislator,
When the "fine old English gentleman" lived
in a state of nature—
When Vikings quaffed from human skulls their
fiery draughts of honeymeal,
Long, long before the Barons bold met tyrant
John at Runnymede.

But 'tis a speech so plain, my lord, that all may
understand it,
And so we quickly turn to fight again the Yan-
kee bandit,
Convinced that we shall fairly win at last our
nationality,
Without the help of Britain's arm, in spite of
her Neutrality !

* * * *Mr. Punch* has inserted the preceding
lines from a Secesh Correspondent, as "a
few straws to show which way the wind
blows" in the South.

Zeitschrift für Aegyptische Sprach- und Alterthumskunde is the title of a new monthly
edited by Brugsch. Its intention is, "to become
the central organ for Egyptian studies, and to
convey to its readers, besides original articles,
information on all the latest discoveries and re-
sults of investigations in the wide field of Egypt-
ology." Egyptian texts, drawings, etc., will
accompany the text, which will chiefly be writ-
ten in German, without, however, excluding
French and English contributions.

THE germ of a very important advance in sur-
gery seems to have been sown in the hospitals of
Paris. M. Raymond, a young physician, in a
thesis recently submitted to the French Faculty
of Medicine, put forth the opinion, founded on

chemical analysis, that "gangrene consisted es-
sentially in the diminution or absence of the ox-
ygen necessary to the integrity of the life of a
tissue." Dr. Raynaud has utilized this idea by
enveloping in oxygen gas, by means of suitable
apparatus, the gangrenous foot of a patient sev-
enty-five years of age, whose toe was already
mortified. The gangrene is said to have been
arrested, and the foot to have resumed a healthy
state. Other cures, it is stated, have since been
accomplished.—*London Review*.

THE good people of Stafford have made an
appeal to Waltonians to subscribe liberally to a
memorial to be erected in his native town to
honest Old Izaak, the angler.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

A FRENCH ETON.

BY MATTHEW ARNOLD.

PART I.

A LIVELY and acute writer, whom English society, indebted to his vigilance for the exposure of a thousand delinquents, salutes with admiration as its Grand Detective, some time ago called public attention to the state of the "College of the Blessed Mary" at Eton. In that famous seat of learning, he said, a vast sum of money was expended on education, and a beggarly account of empty brains was the result. Rich endowments were wasted; parents were giving large sums to have their children taught, and were getting a most inadequate return for their outlay. Science, among those venerable towers in the vale of the Thames, still adored her Henry's holy shade; but she did very little else. These topics, handled with infinite skill and vivacity, produced a strong effect. Public attention, for a moment, fixed itself upon the state of secondary instruction in England. The great class which is interested in the improvement of this imagined that the moment was come for making the first step towards that improvement. The comparatively small class whose children are educated in the existing public schools thought that some inquiry into the state of these institutions might do good. A Royal Commission was appointed to report upon the endowments, studies, and management of the nine principal public schools of this country—Eton, Winchester, Westminster, Charterhouse, St. Paul's, Merchant Taylors', Harrow, Rugby, and Shrewsbury.

Eton was really the accused, although eight co-respondents have thus been summoned to appear with Eton; and in Eton the investigation now completed will probably produce most reform. The reform of an institution which trains so many of the rulers of this country is, no doubt, a matter of considerable importance. That importance is certainly less if it is true, as the *Times* tells us, that the real ruler of our country is "The People," although this potentate does not absolutely transact his own business, but delegates that function to the class which Eton educates. But even those who believe that Mirabeau, when he said, *He who administers governs*, was a great deal nearer the truth than the *Times*, and to whom, therefore,

changes at Eton seem really important, will hardly be disposed to make those changes very sweeping. If Eton does not teach her pupils profound wisdom, we have Oxens-tiern's word for it that the world is governed by very little wisdom. Eton, at any rate, teaches her aristocratic pupils virtues which are among the best virtues of an aristocracy—freedom from affectation, manliness, a high spirit, simplicity. It is to be hoped that she teaches something of these virtues to her other pupils also, who, not of the aristocratic class themselves, enjoy at Eton the benefit of contact with aristocracy. For these other pupils, perhaps a little more learning, as well as a somewhat stronger dose of ideas, might be desirable. Above all, it might be desirable to wean them from the easy habits and profuse notions of expense which Eton generates—habits and notions graceful enough in the lilies of the social field, but inconvenient for its future toilers and spinners. To convey to Eton the knowledge that the wine of Champagne does not water the whole earth, and that there are incomes which fall below £5,000 a year, would be an act of kindness towards a large class of British parents, full of proper pride, but not opulent. Let us hope that the courageous social reformer who has taken Eton in hand may, at least, reap this reward from his labors. Let us hope he may succeed in somewhat reducing the standard of expense at Eton, and let us pronounce over his offspring the prayer of Ajax: "O boys, may you be cheaper educated than your father, but in other respects like him; may you have the same loving care for the improvement of the British officer, the same terrible eye upon bullies and jobbers, the same charming gayety in your frolics with the 'Old Dog Tray;' but may all these gifts be developed at a lesser price!"

But I hope that large class which wants the improvement of secondary instruction in this country—secondary instruction, the great first stage of a liberal education, coming between elementary instruction, the instruction in the mother tongue and in the simplest and indispensable branches of knowledge on the one hand, and superior instruction, the instruction given by universities, the second and finishing stage of a liberal education, on the other—will not imagine that the appointment of a Royal Commission to report on nine existing schools can seriously help it to that

which it wants. I hope it will steadily say to the limited class whom the reform of these nine schools (if they need reform) truly concerns—*Tua res agitur*. These nine schools are by their constitution such that they profess to reach but select portions of the multitudes that are claiming secondary instruction; and, whatever they might profess, being nine, they can only reach select portions. To see secondary instruction treated as a matter of national concern, to see any serious attempt to make it both commensurate with the numbers needing it and of good quality, we must cross the Channel. I understand that the Royal Commissioners have thought themselves precluded, by the limits of their instructions, from making a thorough inquiry into the system of secondary instruction on the Continent. They will, no doubt, have collected some information upon this subject; for to accomplish perfectly their own duties, even in the narrowest view of them, would be impossible without it. But this information they will have collected either through the English embassies abroad, or by means of private and unofficial inquiry. I regret that they did not trust to the vast importance of the subject for procuring their pardon even if they somewhat extended their scope, and made their survey of foreign secondary instruction exact. This they could only have done by investing qualified persons with the commission to seek, in their name, access to the foreign schools. These institutions must be seen at work, and seen by experienced eyes, for their operation to be properly understood and described. But to see them at work the aid of the public authorities abroad is requisite; and foreign governments, most prompt in giving this aid to accredited emissaries, are by no means disposed to extend it to the chance inquirer.

In 1859, I visited France, authorized by the Royal Commissioners who were then inquiring into the state of popular education in England, to seek, in their name, information respecting the French primary schools. I shall never cease to be grateful for the cordial help afforded to me by the functionaries of the French Government for seeing thoroughly the objects which I came to study. The higher functionaries charged with the supervision of primary instruction have the supervision of secondary instruction also; and their kindness enabled me occasionally to see something of the secondary schools—

institutions which strongly attracted my interest, but which the Royal Commissioners had not authorized me to study, and which the French Minister of Public Instruction had not directed his functionaries to show me. I thus saw the lyceum, or public secondary school, of Toulouse—a good specimen of its class. To make clear to the English reader what this class of institutions is, with a view of enabling him to see, afterwards, what is the problem respecting secondary instruction which we in this country really have to solve, I will describe the Toulouse lyceum.

Toulouse, the chief city of the great plain of Languedoc, and a place of great antiquity, dignity, and importance, has one of the principal lyceums to be found out of Paris. But the chief town of every French department has its lyceum, and the considerable towns of every department have their communal colleges, as the chief town has its lyceum. These establishments of secondary instruction are attached to academies, local centres of the Department of Public Instruction at Paris, of which there are sixteen in France. The head of an academy is called its "rector," and his chief ministers are called "academy-inspectors." The superintendence of all public instruction (under the general control of the Minister of Public Instruction at Paris) was given by M. Guizot's education-law to the academies; that of primary instruction has been, in great measure, taken away from them and given to the prefects; that of secondary or superior instruction still remains to them. Toulouse is the seat of an academy of the first class, with a jurisdiction extending over eight departments; its rector, when I was there in 1859, was an ex-judge of the Paris Court of Cassation, M. Rocher, a man of about sixty, of great intelligence, courtesy, and knowledge of the world. Ill-health had compelled him to resign his judgeship, and the Minister of Public Instruction, his personal friend, had given him the rectorate of Toulouse, the second in France in point of rank, as a kind of dignified retreat. The position of rector in France much resembles that of one of our heads of houses at Oxford or Cambridge. M. Rocher placed me under the guidance of his academy-inspector, M. Peyrot; and M. Peyrot, after introducing me to the primary inspectors of Toulouse, and enabling me to make arrangements with them

for visiting the primary schools of the city and neighborhood, kindly took me over the lyceum, which is under his immediate supervision.

A French lyceum is an institution founded and maintained by the state, with aid from the department and commune. The communal colleges are founded and maintained by the commune, with aid from the state. The lyceum of Toulouse is held in large and somewhat gloomy buildings, in the midst of the city; old ecclesiastical buildings have in a number of towns been converted by the Government into public-school premises. We were received by the *proviseur*, M. Seignette. The provisor is the chief functionary—the head master—of a French lyceum; he does not, however, himself teach, but manages the business concerns of the school, administers its finances, and is responsible for its general conduct and discipline; his place is one of the prizes of French secondary instruction, and the provisor, having himself served a long apprenticeship as a teacher, has all the knowledge requisite for superintending his professors. He, like the professors, has gone through the excellent normal school out of which the functionaries of secondary instruction are taken, and has fulfilled stringent conditions of training and examination. Three chaplains—Roman Catholic priests—have the charge of the religious instruction of the lyceum; a Protestant minister, however, is specially appointed to give this instruction to pupils whose parents are of the reformed faith, and these pupils attend, on Sundays, their own Protestant places of worship. The lyceum has from three to four hundred scholars; it receives both boarders and day-scholars. In every lyceum which receives boarders there are a certain number of *bourses*, or public scholarships, which relieve their holders from all cost for their education. The school has three great divisions, each with its separate schoolrooms and playground. The playgrounds are large courts, planted with trees. Attached to the institution, but in a separate building, is a school for little boys from six to twelve years of age, called the *Petit Collège*; here there is a garden as well as a playground, and the whole school-life is easier and softer than in the lyceum, and adapted to the tender years of the scholars. In the *Petit Collège*, too, there are both boarders and day-scholars.

The schoolrooms of the lyceum were much like our schoolrooms here; large, bare rooms, looking as if they had seen much service, with their desks browned and battered, and inscribed with the various carvings of many generations of schoolboys. The cleanliness, order, and neatness of the passages, dormitories, and sick-rooms, were exemplary. The dormitories are vast rooms, with a teacher's bed at each end; a light is kept burning in them all the night through. In no English school have I seen any arrangements for the sick to compare with those of the Toulouse Lyceum. The service of the *infirmary*, as it is called, is performed by Sisters of Charity. The aspect and manners of these nurses, the freshness and airiness of the rooms, the whiteness and fragrance of the great stores of linen which one saw ranged in them, made one almost envy the invalids who were being tended in such a place of repose.

In the playground the boys—dressed, all of them, in the well-known uniform of the French schoolboy—were running, shouting, and playing, with the animation of their age; but it is not by its playgrounds and means of recreation that a French lyceum, as compared with the half-dozen great English public schools, shines. The boys are taken out to walk, as the boys at Winchester used to be taken out to *hills*; but at the end of the French schoolboy's walk there are no *hills* on which he is turned loose. He learns and practises gymnastics more than our schoolboys do; and the court in which he takes his recreation is somewhat more spacious and agreeable than we English are apt to imagine a *court* to be; but it is a poor place indeed—poor in itself and poor in its resources—compared with the *playing-fields* of Eton, or the *meads* of Winchester, or the *close* of Rugby.

Of course I was very desirous to see the boys in their schoolrooms, and to hear some of the lessons; but M. Peyrot and M. Seignette, with all the good-will in the world, were not able to grant to an unofficial visitor permission to do this. It is something to know what the programme of studies in a French lyceum is, though it would be far more interesting to know how that programme is practically carried out. But the programme itself is worth examining: it is the same for every lyceum in France. It is fixed by the Council of Public Instruction in Paris, a body in which the State, the Church, the French Academy,

and the scholastic profession, are all represented, and of which the Minister of Public Instruction is president. The programme thus fixed is promulgated by the minister's authority, and every lyceum is bound to follow it. I have before me that promulgated by M. Guizot in 1833; the variations from it, up to the present day, are but slight. In the sixth, or lowest class, the boys have to learn French, Latin, and Greek grammar, and their reading is Cornelius Nepos and Phædrus, and along with the fables of Phædrus those of La Fontaine. For the next, or fifth class, the reading is Ovid in Latin, Lucian's Dialogues and Isocrates in Greek, and *Télémaque* in French. For the fourth, besides the authors read in the classes below, Virgil in Latin and Xenophon in Greek, and, in French, Voltaire's *Charles XII.* For the third, Sallust and Cicero are added in Latin, Homer and Plutarch's *Moralia* in Greek; in French, Voltaire's *Siècle de Louis XIV.*, Massillon's *Petit carême*, Boileau, and extracts from Buffon. For the second class (our fifth form), Horace, Livy, and Tacitus, in Latin; in Greek, Sophocles and Euripides, Plato and Demosthenes; in French, Bossuet's *Histoire Universelle*, and Montesquieu's *Grandeur et Décadence des Romains*. The highest class (our sixth form) is divided into two, a rhetoric and a philosophy class; this division—which is important, and which is daily becoming, with the authorities of French Public Instruction, an object of greater importance—is meant to correspond to the direction, literary or scientific, which the studies of the now adult scholar are to take. In place of the Pindar, Thucydides, Lucan, and Molière, of the rhetoric class, the philosophy class has chemistry, physics, and the higher mathematics. Some instruction in natural science finds a place in the school course of every class; in the lower classes, instruction in the elements of human physiology, zoölogy, botany, and geology; in the second class (fifth form), instruction in the elements of chemistry. To this instruction in natural science two or three hours a week are allotted. About the same time is allotted to arithmetic, to special instruction in history and geography, and to modern languages; these last, however, are said to be in general as imperfectly learned in the French public schools as they are in our own. Two hours a week are devoted to the correction of composition. Finally, the New Testament,

in Latin or Greek, forms a part of the daily reading of each class.

On this programme I will make two remarks, suggested by comparing it with that of any of our own public schools. It has the scientific instruction and the study of the mother-tongue which our school course is without, and is often blamed for being without. I believe that the scientific instruction actually acquired by French schoolboys in the lower classes is very little, but still a boy with a taste for science finds in this instruction an element which keeps his taste alive; in the special class at the head of the school it is more considerable, but not, it is alleged, sufficient for the wants of this special class, and plans for making it more thorough and systematic are being canvassed. In the study of the mother-tongue the French schoolboy has a more real advantage over ours; he does certainly learn something of the French language and literature, and of the English our schoolboy learns nothing. French grammar, however, is a better instrument of instruction for boys than English grammar, and the French literature possesses prose works, perhaps even poetical works, more fitted to be used as classics for schoolboys than any which English literature possesses. I need not say that the fitness of works for this purpose depends on other considerations than those of the genius alone and of the creative force which they exhibit.

The regular school lessons of a lyceum occupy about twenty-two hours in the week; but among these regular school lessons the lessons in modern languages are not counted. The lessons in modern languages are given out of school hours; out of school house, too, all the boarders work with the masters at preparing their lessons; each boarder has thus what we call a private tutor; but the French schoolboy does not, like ours, pay extra for his private tutor; the general charge for board and instruction covers this special tuition.

Now I come to the important matter of school fees. These are all regulated by authority; the scale of charges in every lyceum and communal college must be seen and sanctioned by the academy-inspector in order to have legality. A day-scholar in the Toulouse Lyceum pays, in the lowest of the three great divisions of the school, 110f. (£4 8s. 4d.) a year; in the second division he pays 135f.

(£5 8s. 4d.); in the third and highest division, 180f. (£7 4s. 2d). If he wishes to share in the special tuition of the boarders, he pays from £2 to £4 a year extra. Next, for the boarders. A boarder pays, for his whole board and instruction, in the lowest division, 800f. (£24) a year; in the second division, 850f. (£26); in the highest division, 900f. (£36). In the scientific class the charge is £2 extra. The payments are made quarterly, and always in advance. Every boarder brings with him an outfit (*trousseau*) valued at 500f. (£20); the sum paid for his board and instruction covers, besides, all expense for keeping good this outfit, and all charges for washing, medical attendance, books, and writing materials. The meals, though plain, are good, and they are set out with a propriety and a regard for appearances which, when I was a boy, graced no school-dinners that I ever saw; just as, I must say, even in the normal schools for elementary teachers, the dinner-table in France contrasted strongly, by its clean cloth, arranged napkins, glass, and general neatness of service, with the stained cloth, napkinless knives and forks, jacks and mugs, hacked joints of meat and stumps of loaves, which I have seen on the dinner-table of normal schools in England. With us it is always the individual that is filled, and the public that is sent empty away.

Such may be the cheapness of public-school education, when that education is treated as a matter of public economy, to be administered upon a great scale, with rigid system and exact superintendence, in the interest of the pupil and not in the interest of the school-keeper.* But many people, it will be said, have no relish for such cast-iron schooling. Well, then, let us look at a French school not of the state pattern—a school without the guarantees of state-management, but also without the uniformity and constraint which this management introduces.

A day or two after I had seen the Toulouse Lyceum I started for Sorèze. Sorèze is a vil-

* *L'administration des lycées est complètement étrangère à toute idée de spéculation et de profit*, says the Toulouse prospectus which lies before me: "A lyceum is managed not in the least as a matter of speculation or profit;" and this is not a mere advertising puff, for the public is the real proprietor of the lycéums, which it has founded for the education of its youth and for that object only; the directors of the lyceum are simple servants of the public, employed by the public at fixed salaries.

lage in the department of the Tarn, a department bordering upon that in which Toulouse stands; it contains one of the most successful private schools in France, and of this school, in 1859, the celebrated Father Lacordaire was director. I left Toulouse by the railway in the middle of the day; in two hours I was at Castelnaudary, an old Visigoth place, on a hill rising out of the great plain of Languedoc, with immense views towards the Pyrenees on one side and the Cevennes on the other. After rambling about the town for an hour I started for Sorèze in a vehicle exactly like an English coach; I was outside with the driver, and the other places, inside and outside, were occupied by old pupils of the Sorèze school, who were going there for the annual *fête*, the *Speeches*, to take place the next day. They were, most of them, young men from the universities of Toulouse and Montpellier; two or three of them were settled in Paris, but, happening to be just then at their homes, at Beziers or Narbonne, they had come over like the rest: they seemed a good set, all of them, and their attachment to their old school and master was more according to one's notions of English school life than French. We had to cross the *Montagne Noire*, an outlier of the Cevennes; the elevation was not great, but the air, even on the 18th of May in Languedoc, was sharp; the vast distance looked gray and chill, and the whole landscape was severe, lonely, and desolate. Sorèze is in the plain on the other side of the *Montagne Noire*, at the foot of gorges running up into the Cevennes; at the head of these gorges are the basins from which the *Canal du Midi*—the great canal uniting the Mediterranean with the Atlantic—is fed. It was seven o'clock when we drove up the street, shaded with large trees, of Sorèze; my fellow-travellers showed me the way to the school, as I was obliged to get away early the next morning, and wanted, therefore, to make my visit that evening. The school occupies the place of an old abbey, founded in 757 by Pepin the Little; for several hundred years the abbey had been in the possession of the Dominicans, when, in Louis the Sixteenth's reign, a school was attached to it. In this school the king took great interest, and himself designed the dress for the scholars. The establishment was saved at the Revolution by the tact of the Dominican who was then at its head; he resumed the lay dress and re-

turned, in all outward appearance, to the secular life, and his school was allowed to subsist. Under the Restoration it was one of the most famous and most aristocratic schools in France, but it had much declined when Lacordaire, in 1854, took charge of it. I waited in the monastic-looking court (much of the old abbey remains as part of the present building) while my card, with a letter which the Papal Nuncio at Paris, to whom I have been introduced through Sir George Bowyer's kindness, had obtained for me from the Superior of the Dominicans, was taken up to Lacordaire; he sent down word directly that he would see me; I was shown across the court, up an old stone staircase, into a vast corridor; a door in this corridor was thrown open, and in a large, bare room, with no carpet or furniture of any kind, except a small table, one or two chairs, a small bookcase, a crucifix, and some religious pictures on the walls, Lacordaire, in the dress of his order, white-robed, hooded, and sandalled, sat before me.

The first public appearance of this remarkable man was in the cause of education. The Charter of 1830 had promised liberty of instruction; liberty, that is, for persons outside the official hierarchy of public instruction to open schools. This promise M. Guizot's celebrated school law of 1833 finally performed; but, in the mean time, the authorities of public instruction refused to give effect to it. Lacordaire and M. de Montalembert opened in Paris, on the 7th of May, 1831, an independent free school, of which they themselves were the teachers; it was closed in a day or two by the police, and its youthful conductors were tried before the Court of Peers and fined. This was Lacordaire's first public appearance; twenty-two years later his last sermon in Paris was preached in the same cause; it was a sermon on behalf of the schools of the Christian Brethren. During that space of twenty-two years he had run a conspicuous career, but on another field than that of education; he had become the most renowned preacher in Europe, and he had re-established in France by his energy, conviction, and patience, the religious orders banished thence since the Revolution. Through this career I cannot now attempt to follow him; with the heart of friendship and the eloquence of genius, M. de Montalembert has recently written its history; but I must point out two characteristics which distinguished

him in it, and which created in him the force by which, as an educator, he worked—the force by which he most impressed and commanded the young. One of these was his passion for firm order, for solid government. He called our age an age “which does not know how to obey—*qui ne sait guère obéir*.” It is easy to see that this is not so absolutely a matter for reproach as Lacordaire made it; in an epoch of transition society may and must say to its governors, “Govern me according to my spirit, if I am to obey you.” One cannot doubt that Lacordaire erred in making absolute devotion to the Church (*malheur a qui trouble l'Eglise!*) the watchword of a gifted man in our century; one cannot doubt that he erred in affirming that “the greatest service to be rendered to Christianity in one day was to do something for the revival of the mediæval religious orders.” Still he seized a great truth when he proclaimed the intrinsic weakness and danger of a state of anarchy; above all, when he applied this truth in the moral sphere he was incontrovertible, fruitful for his nation, especially fruitful for the young. He dealt vigorously with himself, and he told others that the first thing for them was to do the same; he placed character above everything else. “One may have spirit, learning, even genius,” he said, “and not character; for want of character our age is the age of miscarriages. Let us form Christians in our schools, but, first of all, let us form Christians in our own hearts; the one great thing is *to have a life of ones own*.”

Allied to this characteristic was his other—his passion, in an age which seems to think that progress can be achieved only by our herding together and making a noise, for the antique discipline of retirement and silence. His plan of life for himself, when he first took orders, was to go and be a village curé in a remote province of France. M. de Quélen, the Archbishop of Paris, kept him in the capital as chaplain to the Convent of the Visitation; he had not then commenced the *conferences* which made his reputation; he lived perfectly isolated and obscure, and he was never so happy. “It is with delight,” he wrote at this time, “that I find my solitude deepening round me; ‘one can do nothing without solitude,’ is my grand maxim. A man is formed from within, and not from without. To withdraw and be with one’s self

and with God is the greatest strength there can be in the world." It is impossible not to feel the serenity and sincerity of these words. Twice he refused to edit the *Univers*; he refused a chair in the University of Louvain. In 1836, when his fame filled France, he disappeared for five years, and these years he passed in silence and seclusion at Rome. He came back in 1841 a Dominican monk; again, at Notre Dame, that eloquence, that ineffable accent, led his countrymen and foreigners captive; he achieved his cherished purpose of re-establishing in France the religious orders. Then once more he disappeared, and after a short station at Toulouse consigned himself, for the rest of his life, to the labor and obscurity of Sorèze. "One of the great consolations of my present life," he writes from Sorèze, "is, that I have now God and the young for my sole companions." The young, with their fresh spirit, as they instinctively feel the presence of a great character, so, too, irresistibly receive an influence from souls which live habitually with God.

Lacordaire received me with great kindness. He was above the middle height, with an excellent countenance; great dignity in his look and bearing, but nothing ascetic; his manners animated, and every gesture and movement showing the orator. He asked me to dine with him the next day, and to see the school festival, the *fête des anciens élèves*; but I could not stop. Then he ordered lights, for it was growing dark, and insisted on showing me all over the place that evening.

While we were waiting for lights he asked me much about Oxford; I had already heard from his old pupils that Oxford was a favorite topic with him, and that he held it up to them as a model of everything that was venerable. Lights came, and we went over the establishment; the school then contained nearly three hundred pupils—a great rise since Lacordaire first came in 1854, but not so many as the school has had in old times. It is said that Lacordaire at first resorted so frequently to expulsion as rather to alarm people. Sorèze, under his management, chiefly created interest by the sort of competition which it maintained with the lycées, or state schools. A private school of this kind, in France, cannot be opened without giving notice to the public authorities; the consent of these authorities is withheld if the premises of the proposed school are improper, or if its director fails to produce a

certificate of probation and a certificate of competency—that is, if he has not served for five years in a secondary school, and passed the authorized public examination for secondary teachers. Finally, the school is always subject to state inspection, to ascertain that the pupils are properly lodged and fed, and that the teaching contains nothing contrary to public morality and to the laws; and the school may be closed by the public authorities on an inspector's report, duly verified. Still, for an establishment like the Sorèze school the actual state interference comes to very little; the minister has the power of dispensing with the certificate of probation, and holy orders are accepted in the place of the certificate of competency (the examination in the seminary being more difficult than the examination for this latter). In France the state (Machiavel, as we English think it), in naming certain matters as the objects of its supervision in private schools, means what it says, and does not go beyond these matters; and, for these matters, the name of a man like Lacordaire serves as a guarantee, and is readily accepted as such. All the boys at Sorèze are boarders, and a boarder's expenses here exceed by about eight pounds or ten pounds a year his expenses at a lycée. The programme of studies differs little from that of the lycées, but the military system of these state schools Lacordaire repudiated. Instead of the vast common dormitories of the lycées, every boy had his little cell to himself; that was, after all, as it seemed to me, the great difference. But immense stress was laid, too, upon physical education, which the lycées are said too much to neglect. Lacordaire showed me with great satisfaction the stable, with more than twenty horses, and assured me that all the boys were taught to ride. There was the *salle d'escrime*, where they fenced, the armory full of guns and swords, the shooting-gallery, and so on. All this is in our eyes a little fantastic, and does not replace the want of cricket and football in a good field, and of freedom to roam over the country out of school hours; in France, however, it is a good deal; and then twice a week all the boys used to turn out with Lacordaire upon the mountains, to their great enjoyment, as the Sorèze people said, the Father himself being more vigorous than any of them. And the old abbey school has a small park adjoining it, with the mountains rising close be-

hind, and it has beautiful trees in its courts, and by no means the dismal barrack-look of a lyceum. Lacordaire had a staff of more than fifty teachers and helpers, about half of these being members of his own religious order—Dominicans; all co-operated in some way or other in conducting the school. Lacordaire used never to give school-lessons himself, but scarcely a Sunday passed without his preaching in the chapel. The highest and most distinguished boys formed a body called the *Institute*, with no governing powers like those of our sixth form, but with a sort of common-room to themselves, and with the privilege of having their meals with Lacordaire and his staff. I was shown, too, a *Salle d'Illustres*, or Hall of Worthies, into which the boys are introduced on high days and holidays; we should think this fanciful, but I found it impressive. The hall is decorated with busts of the chief of the former scholars, some of them very distinguished. Among these busts was that of Henri de Larochejacquelin (who was brought up here at Sorèze), with his noble, speaking countenance, his Vendean hat, and the heart and cross on his breast. There was, besides, a theatre for public recitations. We ended with the chapel, in which we found all the school assembled: a Dominican was reading to them from the pulpit an edifying life of a scapegrace converted to seriousness by a bad accident, much better worth listening to than most sermons. When it was over, Lacordaire whispered to me to ask if I would stay for the prayers or go at once. I stayed; they were very short and simple; and I saw the boys disperse afterwards. The gayety of the little ones and their evident fondness for the Père was a pretty sight. As we went out of the chapel, one of them, a little fellow of ten or eleven, ran from behind us, snatched, with a laughing face, Lacordaire's hand, and kissed it; Lacordaire smiled, and patted his head. When I read the other day in M. de Montalembert's book how Lacordaire had said, shortly before his death, "I have always tried to serve God, the Church, and our Lord Jesus Christ; besides these I have loved—oh, dearly loved!—children and young people," I thought of this incident.

Lacordaire knew absolutely nothing of our great English schools, their character, or recent history; but then no Frenchman, except a very few at Paris who know more than any-

body in the world, knows anything about anything. However, I have seen few people more impressive; he was not a great modern thinker, but a great Christian orator of the fourth century, born in the nineteenth; playing his part in the nineteenth century not so successfully as he would have played it in the fourth, but still nobly. I would have given much to stay longer with him, as he kindly pressed me; I was tempted, too, by hearing that it was likely he would make a speech the next day. Never did any man so give one the sense of his being a natural orator, perfect in ease and simplicity; they told me that on Sunday, when he preached, he hardly ever went up into the pulpit, but spoke to them from his place "*sans façon*." But I had an engagement to keep at Carcassone at a certain hour, and I was obliged to go. At nine I took leave of Lacordaire and returned to the village inn, clean, because it is frequented by the relations of pupils. There I supped with my fellow-travellers, the old scholars; charming companions they proved themselves. Late we sat, much *vin de Cahors* we drank, and great friends we became. Before we parted, one of them, the Beziers youth studying at Paris, with the amiability of his race assured me (God forgive him!) that he was well acquainted with my poems. By five the next morning I had started to return to Castelnaudary. Recrossing the *Montagne Noire* in the early morning was very cold work, but the view was inconceivably grand. I caught the train at Castelnaudary, and was at Carcassone by eleven; there I saw a school, and I saw the old city of Carcassone. I am not going to describe either the one or the other, but I cannot forbear saying, Let everybody see the *cit  de Carcassone*. It is, indeed, as the antiquarians call it, the Middle Age Herculeaneum. When you first get sight of the old city, which is behind the modern town—when you have got clear of the modern town, and come out upon the bridge over the Aude, and see the walled *cit * upon its hill before you—you rub your eyes and think that you are looking at a vignette in *Ivanhoe*.

Thus I have enabled, as far as I could, the English reader to see what a French lyceum is like, and what a French private school, competing with a lyceum, is like. I have given him, as far as I could, the facts; now for the application of the facts. What is the problem respecting secondary instruction which we in this country have to solve? What light do these facts throw upon that problem? The answer to these questions I must reserve for a second paper.

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From The Spectator, 5 Sept.

MESSRS. LAIRD'S IRON RAMS AND THE
FOREIGN ENLISTMENT ACT.

It must be a pleasant sensation to the loyal hearts of Messrs. Laird, of Birkenhead, to know that they hold in their hands the means of plunging England into war; that by their scorn, if not for the letter, at least for the spirit of an English Act of Parliament, they may very likely force their monarch out of the attitude of neutrality which she and the nation have chosen into one of virtual if not express alliance with one of the belligerents. The two iron rams which they are now building in the Mersey upon "French account"—not, of course, for the French Government, but for some subject of France, who indulges, we suppose, some little hope of finding a customer in Mr. Slidell or his Confederate masters,—are tolerably certain to follow in the track of the *Alabama* and the *Florida*, and raise the cost of insuring American merchantmen to an absolutely prohibitive rate; and, foolish as it may seem, the probability is not much less that this result will be followed by a declaration of war, less against England than against the state which has the responsibility of protecting Mr. Laird and his dockyards. To involve a reluctant sovereign in war by evading the obvious tendency of an English law will place Mr. Laird in a very distinguished position. His alliance will in future be in almost greater request than the alliance of England itself,—since the one is purchasable at a moderate rate, and may be made to draw the other along with it. Insane as it is in the American people to think of taking needless offence with any powerful neutral on account of the deficiencies of its municipal law, or even its possible indisposition to amend those deficiencies, it is not always feasible to control the irritation of a shrewd and hasty populace, and the United States Government certainly is not the one to make the effort. Mr. Nassau Senior, in his admirable letter to Monday's *Times*, has said, what every one feels to be true, that the Confederates strain every nerve to buy these ships out of their starved exchequer, far more for the sake of promoting a rupture between England and the North, than for any direct good that this homeopathic injury to the Northern commerce can effect for them. It is not every belligerent who, in such circumstances, would find patriots so subservient as Messrs. Laird

to the plans of a politic foreigner. Nor could these gentlemen, however willing to be Mr. Jefferson Davis's political tools, have managed to endanger their country but for the aid of one of those fortunate Acts which seem to be passed in order to be evaded,—Acts which only *appear* to prohibit conduct which they leave almost exactly as feasible as they found it.

Whatever the view that we may take concerning the course that Parliament should pursue concerning this law, few Englishmen can doubt, after the experience of the present year, that, to avoid these international traps for neutral nations, we must look to one of two alternatives—either the complete repeal of our Foreign Enlistment Act, at least as regards the equipment of ships of war, or the substitution of another Act which would turn a nominal measure, expressly calculated for evasion, into a reality. Something may be said for either course. For the former it may be urged that a neutral government has no kind of occasion to enforce the neutrality of its own subjects as private individuals. Neutrality in the government need mean only that the public taxation, the resources of the state as such, are to be neutral,—that the nation as a whole does not regard it as either a matter of duty or interest to make a sacrifice for either side. But this need not, of course, involve any veto on the private partialities of individuals. Rather it might seem to forbid such a veto. The highest neutrality is indifferent not only as to which part is taken, but as to whether a part is taken at all. It may be *impartial* to forbid the alliance with either party, as it would be impartial to send an equal aid to both; but neutrality, properly speaking, is the state of mind of a Gallo "caring for none of these things," allowing any one to take side as he will, so long as he does not disturb the peace of his fellow-countrymen. If this were to be national "neutrality" for the future, at least no ground of quarrel could arise as to its *definition*. Unless any military or naval aid could be definitely traced to the *government* of any country, that country would be fulfilling strictly its duties as a neutral. If this sense were given to our national neutrality, Garibaldi expeditions, the equipment of *Alabamas* and *Floridas*, recruiting for foreign countries, etc., would all be strictly lawful for the subjects of a neutral nation. The

Irish might enlist openly for the North, Messrs. Laird might build openly for the South, and neither course would be a transgression of any law. And such a state of the law would certainly put an end to a great deal of subterfuge, and enable private enthusiasts to devote themselves to any course they pleased without the necessity for disguises for their own government.

On the other hand, it will be said with great truth that such a state of the law would tend very materially to weaken the general power and responsibility of governments. Messrs. Rothschild might, if they chose, under such a state of the law, fit out both an army and a fleet for any small power—say among the South American republics—which they thought fit to strengthen, and, with such aid once accepted, could easily enforce their own terms upon their superiors. And, of course, if any combination of capitalists were thus permitted to play the game of the East India Company wherever and whenever they might please, the inevitable consequence would be that such private contingents would often, in fact, if not in form, *declare war* on their own account,—since in divided countries a belligerent could always be found to take the nominal responsibility of the war. It is obvious that such a state of things would in many parts of the world reduce the formal government of a nation to a cipher,—and in all parts of the world would sap the political importance of the actual government, divert from it a great deal of the respect and pride of the people, and generally lower the responsibility of political life. In short, we doubt whether any practical politician, looking to the grave results, could be found to advocate the abolition of all restrictions on the warlike inclination of the private members of neutral states.

But this once granted,—that expeditions nominally neutral, whether by land or sea, are not to be fitted out in aid of any foreign belligerent,—all the reasons that support this conclusion go with still greater force to support the wider conclusion that neither should recruiting for a foreign power be allowed on neutral soil, nor the equipment of ships of war *at all* by private firms, without the express sanction of the government. We say *with still greater force*, for while it is clear that the present law vaguely discourages private exertions in aid of foreign belligerents,

it does so, in fact, only just far enough to embroil us in all sorts of knotty legal difficulties, without effectually prohibiting this sort of private military or naval enterprise. Now one great object of such a law is to keep the nation out of causeless quarrels, which an ill-defined and easily evaded law only multiplies. It seems to us that nothing can be sillier than to leave room for such evasions of one of the great-objects of the law as are now probably going on at Birkenhead, if we acknowledge it to be a useful law at all. With respect to recruiting for foreign service,—that is, fortunately, not susceptible of a commercial aspect at all, and there is, therefore, no room for evasion. Unfortunately, the building and equipment of a ship of war is a commercial operation which may be done for gain, and not from any political motive,—and, as the Foreign Enlistment Act at present stands, the commercial enterprise is legal if there be no more than a strong hope that one of the belligerents may buy the ship,—if she be not definitely built on account of one of them. Now, if the law is ever to have any practical form, it must go beyond this,—and expressly prohibit the equipment by any private person of a ship of war for any power without the express sanction of the Government. This would be an intelligible Act, requiring no spies and secret evidence to work it. Any ship-builder who was found arming a ship, or equipping her with anything exclusively wanted for war purposes, without Government sanction, would be liable to the penalties of the Act,—and that sanction would only be granted on satisfactory evidence of such a naval destination for the ship as the Government could explicitly approve.

The objection, of course, would be that commercial enterprise in ships of war is no more intrinsically objectionable than in small arms, while every needless restriction on the scope of commercial enterprise is objectionable. We reply that the objection is far greater to commercial enterprise in ships of war than to commercial enterprise in small arms. The analogy to the enlistment of a regiment is far greater. A ship of war built in a neutral port almost certainly will take with her a neutral crew,—at all events, retains much more permanent marks of her neutral origin,—identifies the neutral nation much more with the belligerent for whom she is built than any gun can do. It is a kind

of enterprise which makes it desirable and worth the enemy's while to watch very closely neutral ports, to try and catch the ship directly she leaves the neutral waters, and thus to risk an engagement between a quasi-neutral ship and one of the belligerents. Besides this, a great deal of *finesse* and political intrigue is required which could never be put into play about a cargo of rifles. A ship of war is a conspicuous power long identified, personally identified, so to say, with acts of violence; the *Alabama* is connected with the destruction of Federal commerce in a sense in which no gun that was ever manufactured could be, and hence every reason which urges the neutral to *appear* as well as *be* neutral, militates in favor of a prohibition of enterprises such as these. No regiment raised in Great Britain could ever commit us more in the eyes of the world than did the building of the *Alabama*.

We hold, then, that if our policy is likely to be more and more neutral as years go on,

and if we wish that neutrality to be real, we ought to substitute such a measure as we have indicated for this inefficient and vague Foreign Enlistment Act. Still more, if we expect to be again a belligerent, with powerful neutral seaboard powers watching us, it would be well for us to do so. With the measure we mete it shall be measured to us again; and we may be certain that—say in a contest with France, America being neutral—the Washington Government will never again stop the building of French *Alabamas* to sweep the Atlantic of our commerce, if we persist in making our own Foreign Enlistment Act a cipher. That is, however, but a poor motive. Our main reason for asking for a change is that the present law directly encourages a sham neutrality,—“dodges” to seem neutral when we are not. If, as we wish, our Government is really to be responsible for our wars, we should give it the full right to restrain us from making war either by sea or land.

THE Astronomer-Royal reports to the visitors of the Royal Observatory that the rate of the Westminster clock, which records itself at Greenwich daily by galvanic connection, “may be considered certain to much less than one second a week.” The original stipulation was that it should not exceed a second a day; and some of the candidates for making the clock attempted to set aside this condition as impracticable. Mr. Airy's testimony to its accuracy is the more valuable, as he had retired in 1853 from the joint superintendence of the work on account of some differences with Mr. Denison, Q.C., who designed the clock and invented the “gravity escapement” for it, which has since been adopted in other large clocks. Most of the wheels are of cast-iron; the hands and their appendages weigh about a ton and a half, and the pendulum six hundred weight. The dials are twenty-two and one-half feet wide, or four hundred feet in area each, and cost more than the clock itself. The cracked Big Ben still hangs in the tower, with a hole cut in its side, by which Dr. Percy investigated its real state, and reported it as “porous, unhomogeneous, unsound, and a defective casting.”

In a report on Petroleum Gas, Mr. G. Bower, of Hunts, a gas contractor, states that it gives less heat than coal gas, costs much more, but gives a finer light, and is devoid of such noxious ingredients as sulphide of carbon, etc., with which coal gas is more or less contaminated.

THE electric light has been adapted for surgical purposes. A great difficulty in many operations is the want of light, and by means of a small vacuum tube, bent into a helix or screw, a kind of luminous cylinder is formed, which may be introduced into very narrow cavities. Carburetted hydrogen, carbonic, and a hydrochloric acid are used in the vacuum tube to produce whiteness in the light.—*London Review*.

A CURIOUS MS. on vellum has recently been discovered at Vienna, containing fifty treatises in Latin, by Wycliff, one of which, “De Officio Pastoralis,” has just been published by Professor Lechner. The Dean of St. Paul's, in his “History of Latin Christianity” says: “Two hundred of his treatises are said to have been burned in Bohemia.” Let us hope, then, that this is but a first instalment of the lost writings of our great reformer.

THE Bibliography of Chess has just been attempted in a “Catalogue of Books on the Origin, History, and Practice of the Game of Chess from the earliest period to the present day,” by Mr. R. Simpson. As the work of a tyro in bibliography it is deserving of all praise.

THE *Sewing-Machine* is the title of a new periodical devoted to “the benefit of the trade it represents.”

From The Reader,

MR. CHURCH'S PICTURE OF ICEBERGS.

MR. CHURCH'S clever and interesting scenic picture of "Icebergs off the Coast of Labrador" has been viewed with great and deserved approval. His previous attempts to represent the movement and weight of Niagara, to exhibit the mass and elevation of Cotopaxi, proclaim the bent of his ambition, which aims at the realization on his canvas of the awful forces of nature as they are manifested to us in the cataract, the volcano, or, as in the picture before us, the iceberg.

Although we believe that the true vocation of a painter is to inform the mind through the pleasure and delight which it may receive from his work, and that to this end the choice of subject is likely to be more wise when viewed in reference to its capabilities for representation, as well as to its probable and general acceptance, yet we should be sorry to deprecate any attempt to reproduce the impression made upon a human mind by any scene in nature, even though apparently incapable of representation. Before a great genius impossibilities appear to vanish; and the secret of his power is his sympathy. A shipwreck with all its dread accompaniments is perhaps more difficult to imagine—it certainly seems a more unlikely subject to realize with a few pigments upon canvas—than either the heart of the Andes or the icebergs off Labrador. Yet we stand before Turner's picture of the wreck of a transport, irresistibly attracted. Turner may never have seen a shipwreck; but his unconscious sympathy realized it.

To suggest a comparison with Turner in his best days is to apply a strong test to any landscape painter, living or dead. To compare Mr. Church's interpretation with the original language of nature would be, in the present instance, presumptuous in any critic not qualified by the special opportunities for study which Mr. Church's adventurous spirit has provided for his pencil. Most of us, happily, are in the same way disqualified for applying the test of familiarity with the scene to Turner's terrible picture of the shipwrecked transport. But it is still open to us to inquire into the difference between the mental capacity of the great English landscape-painter and that of the foremost landscape painter of the United States.

The strongest condemnation we have read

of Mr. Church's picture has been written by his able critic in *The Times*. Every hole and cranny, every curve and sinuosity, peak, spire, and pinnacle, is catalogued; even all the varied hues and tints of color are followed and arrested and named as they lie away half-hidden in caverns or blaze with glory in the zenith. The description is beautiful, and could hardly have been more eloquent had the writer penned it in the cabin of the schooner, immediately after contemplating the very scene itself on the coast of Labrador. But it could never have been written when, for the first time, he stood upon the schooner's deck in the wondrous world of ice. Wonder, mystery, awe, the sense of God's presence, precede the lower faculty that tickets off the details which we know must form the aggregate of every great display of the forces at work in creation. Mr. Church's picture has received a true criticism in *The Times*. There is neither majesty nor mystery about it; but there is much careful observation of detail, and better warrant for the praise bestowed upon it than a less careful critic would at first be willing to admit. The chief and all-important truth which Turner always grasped at has been missed, and consequently the picture has no place in the highest rank; while from a certain scenic treatment, which at first sight is suggestive of a background for "The Frozen Deep," it is even in danger of being unfairly underrated. Turner's genius was able to summon the ice-world to his canvas, and to present it to us, as he did the shipwreck, with a verisimilitude and power as immeasurable as his sympathies. Mr. Church has produced a remarkable work, and one which cannot fail to be interesting as the product of an adventurous spirit and a well-cultivated mind.

From The Reader.

THE LATE WILLIAM MULREADY.

ONE of the greatest English painters has passed away. Passed away! The words peacefully express the disappearance from amongst us of a most accomplished artist, a kind and helpful friend, and most courteous gentleman. In either character it would be hard indeed to find his equal in the ranks of the profession of which he was a most distinguished ornament.

He was born in Ireland in 1786, but was

early removed to London, where he became a student of the Royal Academy in his fifteenth year. His student days were marked by more than the usual trials and difficulties that so often accompany the young aspirant in a very arduous profession. A record of these early days has been left to the world, written by himself, and embodied in an autobiography dedicated to Godwin, the author of "Caleb Williams," in 1805, and entitled "The Looking-glass: a true history of the early years of an artist, calculated to awaken the emulation of young persons of both sexes in the pursuit of every laudable attainment, particularly in the cultivation of the Fine Arts." This work is extant, and will, doubtless, furnish some of the materials for a life of the author.

Mulready appears to have received his first encouragement from Banks, the sculptor; and from the time when, by his advice and assistance, he became a student of the Royal Academy, he marched steadily on to fame. His early pictures gave little promise, however, of his future success. Among the first works which really attracted serious attention were "The Roadside Inn" and "Punch." In 1815, when in his thirtieth year, he painted the picture of "Idle boys," which led to his election as an associate of the Royal Academy in the November of the same year; and three months after he became a full member of that body.

After his election, the first important work he exhibited was the "Wolf and the Lamb." This picture was magnificently engraved in line by Robinson; and the plate became the property of the Artists' Annuity Fund, of which Mulready was one of the founders. The original is in the Vernon Collection at South Kensington. After this he exhibited "The Careless Messenger," 1821, "The Convalescent," 1822, "The Widow," 1824, and "The Cannon," 1827. Between 1830 and 1848 he produced the works upon which his fame rests, and many of which are among the most precious possessions of the English school. During these eighteen years he painted the fine picture of "The Lascars," the exquisite little picture of "The Sonnet," "First Love," and "The Ford,"—all in the

Vernon Collection. In 1841-2 he produced the drawings from which Thompson engraved the illustrations to the "Vicar of Wakefield;" and these designs are perhaps the best test of his mental capacity extant. From three of these designs he painted pictures—"Choosing the Wedding Gown," "Burchell and Sophia hay-making," and "The Whistonian Controversy." The first of these three works called forth almost an ovation when it was exhibited in the Royal Academy; and this was almost the culminating point of Mulready's fame. Subsequently he produced "The Butt" (1848), in the Vernon Collection, "Women Bathing" (1849), by which he was represented in Paris in 1855. "The Young Brother" was exhibited in 1857, and became the property of the nation under Mr. Vernon's bequest. "The Toy-Seller" was Mulready's last effort, and it appeared in the Royal Academy last year.

Mulready's career is especially worthy of the attention of every earnest-minded student. Without any remarkable genius, he became one of the most distinguished artists of his epoch by the diligent exercise of his faculties, physical as well as mental. To the very last day of his life he was still a student among students: and the evening before he was called away to other fields of labor and of praise he was at work in the Royal Academy schools. His steadfast attachment to nature, and hatred of conventions, was well repaid, for "nature never yet forsook the heart that truly loved her." He learned to imitate her with understanding; and his progress is marked by a scientific arrangement of form and color that emulates that of the most highly gifted genius, while it stands at an immeasurable distance from any mere student work. Conscious of his great ability, he was ever ready to help the young, yet so to help them as a father and a brother would have done. Those who, with the present writer, have had the privilege of his personal friendship will be more fully able to estimate his loss. They know that the country has lost a great painter; but they feel still more that a just, manly, modest and courteous spirit has passed away.

SEPTEMBER.

FAIR September ! month of dogs and birds,
Month of leisure and the double barrel,
Prose for thee is but a waste of words :
Take a carol.

Pigeons whirl about the country-house,
As, profoundly bored by railway travel,
We, in dog-cart, driven by groom of nous,
Crush the gravel.

Picturesque thy manor-house, old friend ;
Noble elm-trees in thy noisy rookery ;
Fair thy daughters ; and (inglorious end)
Good thy cookery.

Partridges are wild upon the wing :
As we plod through turnip and o'er stubble,
With a sudden whirl the coveys spring,
Giving trouble.

Pleasant toil beneath the autumnal sky :
Pleasant interval—when every man has
Done his best—for sherry and Yorkshire pie
And Cabanas.

Pleasant, too, an earlier hour than all,
When old Morpheus has men by the neck fast,
I, more restless, 'neath the southern wall,
Wait for breakfast.

Just a ripe peach and a cigarette
Pass the time. Flirtation's my abhorrence :
Still 'twas rather nice when there I met
Girlish Florence.

Wearing some light print, the pretty elf—
Just the morning dress that you'd expect
her in—

And her rosy mouth had lost itself
In a nectarine.

Joyous the escape from politics
To such scenes as those I will remember.
Will the Parcae play such pleasant tricks
This September ?

—Press.

RUINED.

THE room is dark, the lights grow pale ;
Am I struck with deadly ail ?
Money—honor—yes, I know,
There they go !

All upon a single card !
Oh, but it is very hard !
Life-long hopes at one fell blow,
There they go !

O my love ! my brow is wet
With her tender kisses yet ;
None again shall she bestow—
There they go !

Boyhood's hopes of future days,
Place and honor, fame and praise,
Paths of joy and peace below,
There they go !

Come and take me when you will,
Love me, hate me, cure, or kill ;
Thoughts I've none for friend or foe—
There they go !
—Transcript.

VIA SOLITARIA.

ALONE I walk the peopled city
Where each seems happy with his own :
O friends, I ask not for your pity—
I walk alone.

No more for me yon lake rejoices,
Though wooed by loving airs of June ;
O birds, your sweet and piping voices
Are out of tune.

In vain for me the elm-tree arches
Its plumes in many a feathery spray
In vain the evening's starry marches,
And sunlit day.

In vain your beauty, summer flowers ;
Ye cannot greet these cordial eyes,
They gaze on other fields than ours—
On other skies.

The gold is rifled from the coffer,
The blade is stolen from the sheath ;
Life has but one more boon to offer.
And that is—Death.

Yet well I know the voice of Duty,
And therefore life and health must crave,
Though she who gave the world its beauty,
Is in her grave.

I live, O lost one ! for the living
Who drew their earliest life from thee,
And wait, until with glad thanksgiving,
I shall be free.

For life to me is as a station
Wherein, apart, a traveller stands—
One absent long from home and nation,
In other lands—

And I as he who stands and listens,
Amid the twilight's chill and gloom,
To hear, approaching in the distance,
The train for home.

For death shall bring another mating—
Beyond the shadows of the tomb,
In yonder shore a bride is waiting
Until I come.

In yonder field are children playing,
And there—oh, vision of delight !—
I see a child and mother straying
In robes of white.

Thou, then, the longing heart that breaketh,
Stealing the treasures one by one,
I'll call thee blessed when thou makest
The part—one.

—Independent.